



眞野
Illustration
[RED FLAGSHIP]

間違いで召喚された

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俺の偽勇者伝説

ヒロイックサーガ

Kanna no Kanna
Machigai de shoukansareta ore no
heroic saga

宝島社

Kanna no Kanna

**Kanna the Godless;
The Summoned Heretic is a Scenario Breaker**

**- Volume 2 -
The one who disturbs harmony**

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[Scarletmadness]

Chapter 11

Enter Miss (huge breasts) Redhead

Just how far where you aroused, you idiot. While berating myself, I ran full speed towards the inn... I can't even joke around with leaving this to another day; so I'm returning ASAP to get my wallet... My head is filled with thoughts of getting back to that place; you better not look down with youthful indiscretions; they are not fragile enough that this amount of seat back is discouraging.

Exactly, it's not like I'm just going to give up because I forgot my wallet...

Therefore...

“DON’T GO CAUSING PROBLEMS BY TARGETTING SOME RANDOM BROAD, YOU SHITTY DUMBASSESS!!” (Kanna)

I made a full speed run flying drop kick, my objective is; one of the scoundrel guys that was dragging off an unwilling cute girl towards the backalleys. The moment these soles reached the opponent, the guy was blown away flashily by all of that kinetic energy.

I guess the current situation should be easy to understand after that short explanation... The I who was in the middle of a flying drop kick, noticed that the guy who was sent flying tumbled wonderfully in a back flip; a long noise was heard as he did an amazing landing... *This would surely get a 10 out of 10, I guess I should pat me in the back a little.*

Let's review the issue once more?

Right now there are six people other than me here.

One of them is the beauty over there; judging by the face, she is for about the same age as me... Her hair color is easily distinguishable red even in this dim brightness, with a tone that resembles the passion of a burning flame. Additionally, the robe that she wears in her body stands tall, the reason being the self asserting bulge that protudes from her chest. While it is indeed lesser compared to Real, it's still at a level where you are better off not worrying about comparisons; *that's already quite the lethal weapon as it is.*

If I was to say something of the remaining four, they are brutish fellows that are

closing off the girl's mouth and holding her hands on her back. One of them was already sent flying away; so he is a little bit separated from where we are standing now.

The 5 people where completely frozen in place awestruck with their mouths hanging by the intruder that barged in without any prior notice.

"Y- you bastard, what do y----" (punk)

"NOISY!" (Kanna)

I promptly bury a twisting fist into the face of the guy that was trying to argue with me; the reaction from the backlash tells me that his nose is broken, I retract my arm and the guy with a crumpled nose collapses to his back; it looks like he won't move anymore.

"W-What, What's with you, you fucker!?" (other punk)

The guy that was detaining the girl, squeezed out with a withering voice. His [enjoyment] was disturbed, and his friend got sent flying without any questions asked; he faces me with an angry expression, it's the same for the other remaining guy.

And the I who is in the receiving end of these two's anger.

"You bastards... Getting in the way of someone climbing the stairways to adulthood..." (Kanna)

While glaring, I let out as much bloodlust as I can to these two, they let out a "Hii" scream after receiving my anger.

"It's not like it's going to shy away with this! What do I do with these youthful impulsessssssss!!!" (Kanna)

My fist moves as I scream, I hit the third guy's jaw from bellow. His feet raise from the ground and gravity causes him to fall into the ground, as a doll that had it's strings broken.

"Shit!" (other punk)

And the last guy, the one that was detaining the girl spat out curses; he thrusts away the slender waist that was caught in his arm, and pulls out a sword from his belt. *It is only at this point, that I notice that the other brutish guys also have swords in their belts.*

"Y-you, it looks like you don't know us--" (other punk)

"AS IF I KNOW! I'M A COUNTRY BUMP THAT JUST GOT TO TOWN TODAY!!" (Kanna)

On top of that, it's two weeks in this world.

"Calling yourself a country bump, or rather; you are just a normal guy- You shouldn't have any relation with us!!" (other punk)

"SHARAP! When I was about to do some nyannyan with a big breasted onee-san! (identity to be settled); I find the scene of some guys forcing someone else in front of my face! I can't nyannyan with a clear conscience after this!" (Kanna)

"That's just stupid. And you are just venting your..." (other punk)

"DON'T GO QUESTIONING THE REASON, YOU MORON!!" (Kanna)

Yep, I'm absolutely venting in anger, though no one who points that out is here.

"...Now that I look at ya, you don't carry a blade. Heh, just a hillbilly greenhorn who has a big sense of justice? *Right, nothing to make a fuss about*" (other punk)

After going into self monologue, the guy regains his calmness and lets out a smile. To put it bluntly, he is disgusting.

"Maybe, you might be a big shot with a strong arm in the hicks, but that's just a frog in a small pond. Let me give you some advice as your senior in the big ocean; so, the price for learning is going to be your life----" (other punk) // senior = senpai //

"YOUR INTRO IS TOO LONG" (Kanna)

Without any pause I stepped in, I hardened my fist and struck the guy's belly. *I wonder if there is some idiot who will just stay still as an enemy is in front of you running out their mouths with leisure.*

BAGIN-!

"*Gehuooo*" (other punk)

This is not the feeling of hitting flesh, and the sound hints that the feeling in my arm is one from clashing with something hard. I'm not in pain, but it's sudden enough to be surprised...

The man staggered some steps behind, but he did not fall; after he braced himself and regained his footing; he brushed off a part from his own clothes, and below it; a roundish wooden thing fell to the floor, making an empty noise... I guess it's like one of those corsets that noble ladies wear from time to time, and a type of protection that is meant to be put under one's clothes... and from the sound of it, it looks like it broke- It splits magnificently from the part where I hit it.

"Geho, geho; I wore that one just in case. *Too bad, isn't?*" (other punk)

I take a glance to the wooden corset that is broken, while it looks like some damage passed; without a doubt most of it was nullified.

If it would have been Misaki, she would have gotten the ribs along with destroying the

corsett.

The guy seems to be holding on the pain, and holds his sword in a different way from before, without gaps.

“No more carelessness, I’m going to kill the shit out of ya fer sure” (other punk)
Exactly as he says, you can’t feel negligence anymore from his stance; additionally—like this man pointed out, I don’t have in me any sort of protective gear... the armor purchased during the day, was all left in the inn. *This is certainly a small failure, from now on; every time I go out, I’ll carry something with me.*

It is indeed so; right now I have absolutely no armor at hand, and then there is the opponent, *even if it’s just a human, he has a sword in hand...* There is no way he is as strong as Real, but he should at least know a thing or two; going against him barehanded is a little bit too much after all.

“DIEE!” (other punk)

A vigorous swing filled with killing intent was heading my way; in the case of trying to block this with just my arms, those arms would be slashed through along with my body...

Well, there is no way that I can forget it...

Those [Secret arts] that were passed down to me by the great ice spirit.

-- GAKINNNNN.

The echo from a metallic hardness spreads through the night town.

The man open his eyes wide...

I guess he was quite sure that his slashing attack was going to get through me, arms and all; that’s exactly why I used something [*transparent without a color*] in my right arm to stop his slice.

Nice, it looks like density won’t be an issue with this

“Chi, Damnn!” (other punk)

Leaving behind his confusion, he quickly discerns that his attack was stopped and speedily retracts his blade; he lunges forward with a swiping side attack as a follow up... With this reaction, you can tell that he did not only learn to fight in the backalleys; it shows that it’s someone who has experiences from different places, however; the same hard sound was heard again, since another object of the same quality of the right arm materialized in my left; stopping the swing in the same way.

The man who had his strikes stopped twice looks at me as if he was seeing some sort of monster...

“Y- you, are you a magician!?” (other punk)

“*Nah, it's something else*” (Kanna)

I pushed back a little the sword with the transparent material in my left arm-- It looks like there is no scratch in the ice arm protectors made by spirit magic.

After shaking off the sword with the blocking arm, I made sure to make some distance between the guy and I- then, with a large step forward; I put great speed and body weight as I trust my right hand forward. The guy makes a quick reaction and puts his sword horizontally so that it acts as a shield...

--BOKKANN--

Of course, just like the left hand; the right one was completely covered with the ice protector. That single blow breaks the covering sword right down the middle, and just like before I dive my first into the guy's abdomen; blowing away the guy horizontally for about 4 meters. *He rolled a little in the floor and then stopped moving.*

“---- *Fuh, I feel seriously refreshed*” (Kanna)

I check around to confirm that the hoodlums really stopped moving, and then I relax my stance. Driven by the mood, I struck together the two fists that are protected by ice.

It looks like the techniques that were taught by the spirit baa-san are firmly engraved in my body; even if the opponent comes forth with killing intent, I can perform for about the same as I did in those training rounds with Real. During that week spent at the village on the foot of the sacred mountain, I somehow managed to learn the basic techniques required to survive in this world.

I lightly relax my arms, and release the ice that has been covering them; said ice makes a glass shattering like sound as it touches the ground, fluttering as it crumbles.

And now, I better head towards the girl that was thrusted away by the last guy... while I have been delaying it, it would be a problem if she got injured then.

...I don't think I can take her to my place to make sure if she is alright. As a result of the scuffle with these guys, the excitement of my lower half has subsided... It's regrettable to let go of that adult stairway; but let's obediently give up on that now.

“*In any event, if injured--*” (Kanna)

I put my eyes where the girl is supposed to be...

...And I find that a beautiful face is staring at me from a point blank distance.

“--Ooohhhh?” (robed breasts)

It's obviously not the guy from just now; I took some steps back, but the girl doesn't mind that at all and totally stares at my face, stares at my arms (probably), and then sees the place laying around my feet— She totally stares at the ice wreckage. She squats down, and grabs with her hands one of the ice pieces... That gaze is completely serious, and strong enough to emit a feeling that she absolutely wouldn't let slip even the slightest detail.

“----et it” (robed breasts)

After muttering something, she got up with great vigor.

...For some reason, she grasped my collar.

-- This is obviously the first time I experience having a girl grab my lapels on our first meeting.

“Nee, can I ask you something?” (robed breasts)

Whatever is fine. We are already in a point blank range face to face confrontation... The two amazing peaches she is a possessor of are touching my chest; those adolescent impulses are surely going to surge forth once again; *it's a tender yet intense feeling.*

“This ice, it's the product of your own magic, right?” (tender but intense breasts)

Without any hesitations, she trusts forward the ice piece that she has in her hand.

“It has to be, to be able to create an existence from nothing; it can only be done through magic... But this is a unusual; something created by magic has a very short life span, thus something that was given birth by magic should be extinguished after its magic power supply is cut” (tender but intense breasts)

This woman suddenly started explaining with my collar in hold as it is.

It's exactly as this red head woman says, things created artificially by magic; quickly disappear once the magic is done. For example in the case of flame, if you manage to set something on fire, then that something will continue burning as it is until the combustion materials run out; but for the original flame, once the magic that produces it stops, it will cease to be. That much fits with what I learned from Real and the spirit baa-san...

-Erm, crap. Right now I'm noticing my mistake...

"Then why is it, I don't feel any magic flowing within this ice at all; but it's a fact that it's continuing to exit in my hand without losing any shape. Why is that?" (tender but intense intelectual breasts)

Trying to conceal as much as possible any internal turmoil I'm in, without modifying my facial expression at all I give the order "*disappear*" to the surrounding ice. Then even the ice that she was holding within her hands, the small crusts scattered through the place as they vanished in thin air.

My own spirit magic and magic look like similar phenomena on the surface, but at their core they are quite different; grandma did gave out a warning about that which I had forgotten.

"Ara, it has disappeared; should I say you have quite a precise and finely tuned technique? Even if it was created by magic, it might be proper to say that it's something which it's closer to material that exists in reality; as it can keep its shape even after magic is no longer supplied... If that's the case, then I have even more questions..." (girl)

To the I who keeps being restrained by my lapels without saying a word, she continues. "While I'm being this close, as I see it happen first hand; I have absolutely not [see you] using any techniques; furthermore, we are speaking about the [ice] attribute here... an extra high difficult to perform technique that only a handful of water magicians manage to grasp... I'm unable to comprehend this at all, I should have been able to understand at least as much of the outline for this..." (curious girl)

As usual this red haired woman never lets go of my collar, keeping her hand fixed... It looks like she is losing herself in her thoughts as it is, she puts a hand in her chin and kept mumbling stuff; the words [magic] and [technique] kept popping up... She probably is trying to interpret the spirit magic I used in this place in the terms of attribute magic. Totally speaking her own mind without holding nothing back, but that now only be summed up with the word [pointless]; *but it's better not to twist more the story by fessing up now...*

Or rather, after going through lengths to help her; the sole reward I get is getting seized by my collar... *It's not like I want to say to her face that she is indebted to me*, as expected that would be a little bit too much.

...Nah, right now in my solar plexus there is this atrociously wonderful sensation brought forth by those twin hills, it's certainly good enough that it offsets any complain I might have about this.

I can't feel any sort of malice coming from her... Let's not speak about decorum and so on; it's merely that she has nothing but intelectual curiosity in the phenomenom in

front of her. I take another look at her clothes, in the upper part she has a robe which fits in the lightweight equipment category, a popular choice for those with a magician's air— The one thing is, the pattern in her clothes and the lining of the robe seems quite extravagant even to my eyes; is she an well bred lady from somewhere?

-- As the analysis was proceeding calmly, I noticed the scent of problems ahead. It's awkward enough to bump into a possible rape scene head on, *but the smell is from a different nature than that... It's as if I'm reminded of Yuuzuki— this closely resembles those burdens brought by that childhood friend of mine...*

Don't joke around— I already have my hands full with being summoned to another world; I can't afford to get caught up in even more troublesome things.

“OJOU-SAMA!!” (voice)

As I was experiencing cold sweats through my back, I could hear the loud voices and step sounds from several people; looking in that direction, three guys that look like adventurers were approaching this place while running— Their line of sight was completely fixated in this woman who has been holding my lapels all along. Eight to nine out of ten, they probably have a relation to her.

This is a chance.

I think it's a bad thing to do, but I forcefully peel off the red hair's hand from myself; the redhead who had put her attention to the incoming voice let out an “Ah” voice when her hand was shrugged off.

“Cya, from now on you should walk around at night only with one of your guardians”
(Kanna)

After leaving those words, I naturally made a dash in the opposite direction those adventurers were coming from. Midway, I somehow felt I was stepping into something soft and a “nugoh” sound reached my ears, there it shouldn't be any reason for any sounds; let's sum it up that it's probably just my imagination; as I leave that place.

Chapter 12

The true charm of fantasies are slender people using huge weapons, right?

Right after I stealthily returned to my room afterwards, I released all that had accumulated in my lower body by applying the handbrake. I'm physically at my limit in various ways, let alone mentally. It wasn't very bad, but I'm not confident I can endure this until the next evening. In addition to going tomorrow evening, the fact is that we depart the morning after that. That's going to be physically harsh. We're only staying here for three days and two nights, so the first night was my only chance.

For now, I refresh my lonesome self and enter the next day.

“Uoraah!”

While sending out a yell, I swung my right fist that is equipped with a hand guard. My aim is the center of my opponent's face.

“That was solid, but too honest”

While Real calmly muttered those words, she prepared her sheathed greatsword and defended against my attack. Of course, I took her defending this into consideration. My best bet was to unleash a follow-up from below with my left fist without drawing back my right. I don't know if Real also anticipated this, but she adjusted the angle of her greatsword and defended it with the tip of the scabbard. If she was a novice opponent, this time's distinct up and down attack would be quite effective, but it was dealt with without breaking a sweat.

“Your aim is good, but this time the weight you put in is lacking... see!”

Inserting power right after the end of her sentence, Real flicked off my fists that were stopped by her sword. I couldn't withstand the impact on both arms and moved several steps back with my stance crumbled. From there she struck an attack on the upper body.

Although I promptly crossed my arms to catch the blow, my knees almost felt like breaking from the tremendous impact transmitted from my crossed arms to the whole body. There is the mass from the very sword itself, but the strength of its wielder Real is also amazing. If I didn't have my hand guards, my arms would have probably been smashed. That didn't happen, so every joint is screaming. Even though I didn't receive it on my head, my brain is shaken and my field of vision is flickering.

“Noooh... gaah!”

However, when I somehow held onto my consciousness through willpower, I caught the blow from the sword and I went all in and released a right kick.

Will she dodge it or will she let go of her sword and catch the kick with her arms? In any case, I want to immediately take distance and prepare myself to attack again.

But wait, she once again raised her sword overhead without even taking any evasive actions.

My right kick made a direct hit to her flank. Equipped with a leg guard, it's a kick that had its force of impact improved by its accompanying mass. Even then, what returned to my feet was the feeling as if I had a large tree as an opponent. Is she really made of flesh and blood?

Real's face is slightly clouded. It wasn't like she didn't feel any pain. Even so, her sword wielding posture didn't move.

“This is bad” just as I thought that, the next moment the sword was swung down.

This time I couldn't stop the blow. Even if I stop it with both my hands once more, my body would be thrown to the ground with each defense.

The training we had in the hotel backyard we borrowed this morning met its end when I collapsed on the ground.

In one way or another, I went from being defeated to sitting down on the ground, but that is my limit. It doesn't look like I'll be able to stand for a while from the pain and fatigue. Real, on the other hand, stabbed the ground with the greatsword in its scabbard and placed her hand on the grip, but it's not to support her body. She is

standing normally. Being the only one gasping for breath is really comforting. With that I put on my cool face.

“As I thought, if your defensive capabilities increases, freedom will appear in your spontaneous movements. Especially around the end, where you distracted my eyes with your upper body attack from your right and did a lower body attack from your left. That move was quite good.”

“You stopped those blows normally though.”

“This may not be barehanded, but I have considerable experience in dual sword fencing after all. If I didn’t learn how to cope with it at that time, I would have difficulty receiving this. It’s just that, you didn’t put any weight in the second hit like I said. You won’t have any problems if you can neatly defend it. But I’m certain it’s a move that is fairly effective against opponents you meet for the first time.

What I’m surprised about is the fact you defended my blows until the very end. Although it was with my scabbard, I didn’t think you would defend even a single blow in all seriousness. I unleashed them with the intention to crush each of your defences though.”

“It’s all about your stance. If you didn’t attack from above but from the side, I would certainly be blown away. I couldn’t withstand the second cut either.”

The fact is that with just one blow, my strength was completely shaved off. Both my hands and feet are still trembling.

“And that, what was that about, receiving my kick equipped with a leg guard without defending. What I felt wasn’t that of flesh and blood.”

“No matter how much its intensity is increased by the leg guards, I know what a kick can do when done out of desperation. By not neglecting training your body, your posture won’t break if you stand firm on both legs.”

I’m interested in how far I have to go with that training. About as far as being able to swing around that huge sword at will? That’s not completely unreasonable.

“Kanna, even you wield weapons made from spirit magic don’t you? You could swing around that giant axe after all”

"That's by borrowing the power of the spirits, so that's not going to raise my physical strength. If that wasn't the case, I wouldn't be able to hold such a brutal weight since it's made of ice."

If the objects formed from ice made with spirit magic exist by my influence, I wouldn't feel much of the weight it possessed. Thanks to that, I can also wield super heavyweight class weapons that rivals Real's greatsword with relative ease. As a test I made a giant axe and tried to hold up something that removes the divine protection of spirits, but the weapon was so heavy, my lower back almost got hurt. When I relied on the spirit again, I could hold it up normally as expected. Moreover, it's at a manageable degree, neither light nor heavy. It's more than satisfactory.

Besides, the goal of today's training was in order to train my own movements and not a direct improvement to my fighting strength. No spirit magic and none of Real's enhancement magic. If we use those, then the inn's backyard will be too small. If there is no space with a radius of about fifty meters, it will cause inconvenience to other places.

"Oh that's right"

When we waited until our bodies cooled off, I recalled last night's event. I can't let the contents of the event slip my mouth, but let's ask Real about the problem at that time.

"Yesterday in town, I heard that [Ice magic] is super difficult, but is that really true?"

"...Aah, now that you mention it, that's true. I have no excuses, I've forgotten to tell you."

Real easily admits it.

"As you already know, I'm weak with elemental magic. I memorized the coping method of each attributes, but I completely forgot to teach you the details of them."

I've been taught about elemental magic by both Real and grandmother during our stay in the village at the foot of the mountain. Earth, wind, water, fire, void, sky, ice and lightning. Elemental magic can be roughly bundled into these eight attributes.

"Within those, void, sky, ice and lightning are called the superior attributes within elemental magic. As you can expect, mastery over those four are harder than the other

four attributes and they can't be handled by anyone other than the limited people with talents for them."

"It seems there is plenty of talent within you the moment you can use magic though."

When I try saying that as the representative of incompetent men.

"If it is like lighting up a fire on your fingertips or bringing about the wind to ward off the summer heat, even a five year old could do it as long as they have quite the skills for it. But if I could say whether or not that could pass in actual fighting, it would be a no. There may be no clear rules about this, but if you can't at the very least suppress a magic beast with just magic, then you can't be called a magician, now can you?"

"So you judge by fighting strength?"

"It's because you won't be able to take down even the lowest ranking magic beast with an amount that is like a fire on your fingertips."

"So it means that a firepower to the extent of being able to roast a magical beast whole is the minimum as a magician, huh"

"The rate of people who can overcome the lowest level of a magician for the human race is one or two in ten. These ratios differ for each race. There are those who exceed five per ten and there are some who may or may not have one in hundred.... We went quite off-topic didn't we? And, so. For now I will continue the explanation limited to the human race. Further within the people who can use magic at a combat level, the ones who can handle the four superior attributes are about one in thousand."

Generally speaking, the calculation means that only one person would be able to handle superior attributes among ten thousand humans. A handful of guys that can be called a genius.

After Real temporarily finished her explanation, she made a complicated expression.

"Well, it's unusual to call it unusual, but only its mastery is difficult and it's a different story if it may be used in combat as it is. It's because the earth magic users are stronger than the superior attribute magic users within the magic experts."

Did she recall unpleasant things? Her face looks like it has a sour face printed over it.

“The last what you will hear for today is that it may be for the best if you refrain from using spirit magic in public. You’ll grab all the attention just from the unusual magic after all.”

“Won’t you hesitate in using it in combat if you become too desperate in concealing it?”

“If it becomes a scene involving life and death, that hesitation will go away. I don’t want you to die by sticking to appearances and honor”

I don’t feel like restraining myself in giving or taking lives.

While I continue the conversation with Real, my burning body settled down pleasantly. My body even recovered to the point of being able to move and so I pressed my hands on my knees and stood up. When I look above in the sky, I could see the sun will be reaching the zenith soon.

“This is a good time don’t you think? Let’s go shopping for useful things after we have lunch shall we?”

“You’re very resilient as always aren’t you? Normally your stomach won’t accept food when you’re that fatigued, you know.”

“Toughness is one of my few redeeming features after all.”

An answer that doesn’t show if I’m actually boasting about myself or mocking myself naturally came out of my mouth.

Chapter 13

There are a lot of protagonists on the bystander's side these days

This is a bit sudden, but shall I talk about my childhood friend?

Izumo Yuuzuki, who I'm fated to be stuck with, enters the framework of a [protagonist] if I assign him a character role in a light novel. He gets involved into things that are troublesome to the point of being mysterious -- or rather to the point of wanting to pick up the urge to kill. And the friend that is me also gets involved in them, it's a role whose trouble knows no bounds.

With his ability to be rash being high, Yuuzuki plunges his head one way or another into an incident he comes across and tries to settle on a solution. That is fine and all. I didn't plan on holding back in cooperating with him on the occasion I couldn't overlook it humanely, because I was also a child. To be honest, I don't plan on having any mercy towards bad people who are trying to ruin other people's lives.

Nevertheless, the problem here is the idiot Yuuzuki's hasty actions. Even though this idiot boasts top class results in the national mock exam, he's so foolish it's sad. He's the perfect example of knowledge not being equal to wisdom.

What is wrong with him, you ask? That inept pretty boy puts the immediate resolution of the incident as his first priority and neglects taking into account the secondary disasters that may occur afterwards.

Thanks to him, I get to be surrounded by bullies of our school, by delinquents of another school, by the money collectors of the Yakuza, by fans of a certain girl and by the escort group of a certain honorable lady. I even remember risking my life once or twice. It's not an exaggeration to say that my tenacity being one of my very few good points is developed due to all of that.

Of course, eventually I would catch Yuuzuki by the scruff of his neck and force him to help me solve the incident. That guy may be an idiot, but he's a capable idiot. If he

settles everything one by one in a particular order, he will get to the end of it without problems.

...I really went off track there didn't I? I digressed right from the beginning.

Because the inept protagonist material, I've been dragged into incidents a lot. Although it's because the inept guy gets himself dragged into them, it's not that I myself get dragged into these incidents. The inept guy gets himself involved into it and that's why his involvement reaches even me.

It became long winded. In other words, what I wanted to say is:

"I'm not a freaking protagonist material!"

Is what I shout from the bottom of my heart.

(So, why is yesterday's huge breasted redhead here at the grocery store we casually stopped by? What kind of coincidence is this, I ask you)

It's a template scene that's kind of like crashing into a beautiful female transfer student who ran with all her might with a bread in her mouth because she's being late in the morning, which is a development that in reality is impossible. You already understand the reason I avoid being a protagonist material right? I already have nothing but premonitions of trouble.

After eating lunch at the inn, we went to the marketplace to buy groceries and the like that are necessary for our trip we plan on going tomorrow. With the one paying for them being Real, I observe the exchange while carrying the bags. From now on, there will be opportunities where I will be shopping on my own, so for that sake I'll learn the common interactions during our shopping.

So, as we reach the stage of buying up the foodstuff, I return to the first monologue which is where we went to the first place those foodstuff were sold.

"Hm? What's wrong Kanna?"

"...Real, I just remembered something a little urgent so I'm going back to the inn. I'm leaving you with the rest of the things we have to buy."

“Eh? Ah, wait just a minute, hey!”

I pushed the small things from the general store to my partner who is trying to question me.

Not yet. The red haired woman hasn't noticed us. She's observing in order to ascertain the commodities in front of her. Unless something happens, she will be like that for a while. If I leave with a quiet and natural visage, the problem would be--

“--Milady, we have finished shopping.”

Is this god's ill will, or is it the devil's trick? It's just before I turned to the right. Drawn by that voice, the redhead woman separated her eyes from the goods and turned around.

The eyes of the redhead woman perfectly captured my figure in her sight.

“...”
“...”

Time froze.

“What is frozen is your specialty don't you think?”

I envisioned an honorable spirit from some place. How noisy.

“...(dash!)”

“...ah, wait, you!”

After about five seconds of space-time freeze(metaphor), the one who returned to the original time earlier was me. I immediately turned right and ran with all my strength. Being late a beat, the red haired girl swiftly raised her voice. Of course, there are no idiots who would wait here.

“----gh, seize that man.”

A person turned his head to that red haired woman. When the adventurer like man who is holding a paper bag responded to the voice of the red haired woman, he lets go of all his bags without hesitation and stood in my way with both his arms spread as if he's planning to capture me.

“----gh”

“What---are you-”

I guess he thought I would slow down in front of the adventurer, but I did the opposite and intentionally raised my speed in front of him. To that surprised man, I paid attention to the movement of his hands and bumped close to his left side. Just before the collision, I put my left hand on his armpit and my right hand on his extending arm, twisted both my hands intently and ran under his armpits in order to break through.

When my body was about to pass through completely, the man's right arm aimed at the hem of my clothes, but I expected that so I made a horizontal turn while keeping momentum, forcibly tearing away the fingertips that was trying to grab the hem of my clothes by using my body's centrifugal force.

Don't underestimate me. I didn't break through various encirclements just for show. I won't let you think you can prevent my escape skills with only one guy. It's not a skill I can brag about though!

Even so, it looks like the redhead and the adventurer guy has a master servant relationship. He followed the redhead's words by reflex after all. He even called her with “milady”.

Well shit, these flags should be Yuuzuki's responsibilities. Now that Yuuzuki's not [nearby], does that mean that guy's bad luck falls onto me?

For the time being, I'll do nothing but run through downtown.

The one running the run is me, but it was my bad for running away without sufficiently observing my surroundings in the unfamiliar downtown. I rushed into a back-alley with force, but once I arrived I found myself at a dead end surrounded by building walls.

“I will not let you get away now.”

“Geh...”

The red haired girl who I should've shaken off miraculously caught up, completely standing in the way on my only way out. Following her, multiple adventurers-- most likely all of them being the red haired girl's servants--rushed into the back alley.

It's the easy to understand rat in the bag.

“Hmph, running away while you were called out by me, I underestimated you didn't I?”

So she would be immersed in a sense of superiority by cornering her prey, this redhead with her arms crossing each other is showing a triumphant smile. Hm, it's a pose that emphasises her breasts. I unintentionally stared at it fixedly.

The redhead noticed my line of sight even though I didn't turn my face towards it.

“Wait, where do you think you're looking at?”

“At those selfish tits.”

“----gh... Do, do you really think answering honestly is a virtue?”

“Be more open than taciturn! Is my creed.”

The redhead flinched from my answer (was it a saying?) out of sincerity, even her breasts shook that moment. My brain is being really strange since yesterday. It feels like breasts are all I'm thinking about.

“...You appear to be a vulgar commoner, what an animal like statement.”

“That's because for “men”, everyone has a beast inside their mind. They crave for the drooping fruits born on women's chest and they're always thinking about them!”

If it's the usual me I wouldn't have spoken that line. It's probably because of the pent up sexual desire from what happened yesterday. I wouldn't have spoken out what's

really on my mind if not for that.

“It’s only you who is like that.”

“Nope, everyone’s the same you know. The adventurers there, I won’t let you say you didn’t think about it okay? Seeing the redhead’s breasts swaying loosely whenever you run next to her and imagining nothing that is.”

Bringing up that topic, the group of fellows got startled and shook their shoulders. Fortunately for them, the redhead laughed scornfully at my words and didn’t look behind her.

“These adventurers are faithful subordinates who serve my house. No matter how good looking I am, I can tell you it’s impossible that they would look at me with those kind of eyes.”

She seems to be relying on faith, but they don’t seem to try looking at me in the eye. Aren’t you glad, is what they sent together with the feeling like it’s somebody else’s problem.

With the adventurer like servants barely retaining their dignity, I pondered once again.

Escape is limited to the front direction, standing in my way are four people including the redhead. I won’t apply the way I shook them off some time ago I guess.

Shall I go by using force? If it’s a surprise attack they see for the first time, I can probably break through with no problem. It’s just that with the town in daylight, I should put on hold this morning’s conversation with Real and this so-called situation. It’s not a situation that critical to the point of being cornered.

“Well then, you shall give me an explanation. What in the world did you do yesterday? In what way were you able to put up a construct I couldn’t understand in that short time?”

That serious look is the same as the time she pulled on my collar last night.

“...Saying it’s a trade secret is not allowed?”

“No, that is not allowed. I’ve tried studying various things right after yesterday

however, that ice magic is too strange you see. How much skill you have or how outstanding your magic is, I felt absolutely no magic power in the construction of your magic; from the time you refined your magic power, until the moment of invocation. As a sorcerer, I cannot overlook this event, do you understand?"

Thanks to that, I'm lacking sleep is what she grumbles.

Of course, I won't be saying just that. I plan to give a suitable reward for this. I will buy the theory on the magic formula at the price you ask for. Oh that's right, I will even promise you I will reserve your name as the largest contributor in the case I release this and become recognized even by the academic conference. In addition, I can also guarantee you a percentage of the economic effects that springs forth."

Just like during our first meeting, miss Redhead is advancing the negotiations selfishly on her own.

"I hope you consider the privilege. To the fact that this me is going to buy your abilities up to that extent."

And then there is that self-conceit at a refreshing degree. To be completely honest, I could care less about your social standing though. I do think she has this atmosphere like an aristocrat though.

...Reward? I inclined my neck.

I remembered miss Redhead's presence--a sense of discomfort from magic power. I remember experiencing a similar magic power very recently. However, I just can't recall. When I tried to search for my memory, a dreadful [disgust] gushed out from within my chest. Although I don't feel any splinters of hostility towards miss Redhead, I remember a terrible anger against a [similar someone] within my memories.

"...Say miss Redhead."

"----Are you referring to me?"

"Aren't you the only redhead here? I don't know your name either."

"Ah" Miss Redhead was shocked. She seems to have realized after all this time.

The person whose presence of magic power --whose atmosphere is similar is likely a person close to miss Redhead. The first thing that came to mind is a blood relationship.

“Maybe... your sister or brother...”

Before I could say the last part, my back muscles became numb like I was shocked.

I remember this sensation. It's what I felt several times after departing from the village at the foot of the mountain.

“----bloodlust”

Surprised, I reflexively produced an ice the size of a fist in my hand and threw them with all my strength. Miss redhead and co. got startled stiff from my sudden actions, but my aim wasn't them. The pitched ice ball ran beside Redhead's group, broke through to the back and crashed into [something]. And then an explosion occurred.

Receiving the gust of wind from the impact, miss Redhead dropped to the ground. The other servants didn't collapse, but shook after their balance was broken.

What a close call. If that exploded a little later, a lot of injured people may be left behind. And if it was right in the middle of miss Redhead's group, those at the center of explosion will be blown away to pieces.

After the explosion, new footsteps drew near. Six people dressed like an adventurer. Because their faces were concealed by a cloth hood, I couldn't grasp their facial features. At any rate, they didn't look like someone who is willing to make friends with me.

Chapter 14

Aren't axe wielding protagonists kind of rare?

This is not a development where I can get it over with by just shrugging my shoulders lightly and go "Good grief".

The five people furthest in the back are dressed in robes unlike the others that are wearing light armor. The explosion just before must be the magic those guys released. There's no evidence, but it's easier if I conclude that from this situation.

"Hey, are you hurt anywhere?"
"Eh? Ah, no I'm fine."

I rushed up to miss Redhead and helped her get up. Has the girl still not realized that her life was in danger just then; that thought hasn't settled in me from the impact of the explosion.

"Say mister servant. Are you acquainted with those masked men?"
"N- no, not at all though..."

They were quicker to recover from the chaos than their head. While the servants nodded to my words, they put their guards up against the intruders.

"Shall we put off our dispute for now?"
"...We have no objections to that."

It doesn't look like I'll have to worry about them swaying between the head's selfishness and their safety. Their mental attitude as a servant was perfect.

I hid her in the back.

...I got into this position from the course of events, but this is a knight-like position where I would protect miss Redhead, isn't it? I certainly became the one in charge of miss Redhead didn't I? I intercepted the magic that was released towards miss Redhead, so it's already too late, huh.

I get it now. So that Yuuzuki constantly gets rolled up into incidents with this kind of feeling.

When I had a faraway look, the masked people silently drew out a sword from their bosom and attacked all at once. There's no use in arguing about it.

Their target is without a doubt miss Redhead. From the entry of the masked men until now, I can feel that the killing intent those guys are releasing are all gathered on her.

Before I even tried taking on a fighting stance at once, the servants started running towards their enemies.

"I entrust milady to you sir!"

"You say entrust, but I'm really an outsider though!"

My "Are you sure about entrusting her to a youngster on your first meeting!?" retort was fruitless and the Servant team vs Mask team battle broke out.

The masked men silently brandished the sword and were stopped resolutely by the sword held by the servants, scattering sparks. I don't know if it's thanks to them being swordsmen similar to Real, but I know the blows exchanged between the guards and the masked guys are fast, though they're not as good as Real. They're more extraordinary than those hoodlums from last night. The four servants faces the four masked men they're crossing swords without being inferior to them.

Wait, four?

In addition to the four masked men they're crossing swords with, one masked man in robes was standing at a place further away from their allies. I could sense the presence of magic from that guy.

"You think I'll let you!?"

While I jumped from this place, I produced a cone shaped ice with spirit magic and threw it towards the masked man who is manipulating their magic power. If I stood on the ground while doing that, I may hit one of the servants who are crossing swords in front of me, you see.

I wonder if it's because he's concentrating on controlling the magic. I mean, the time the robed man noticed the ice cone I released was when it approached right before his eyes. Of course, him avoiding those cones didn't happen and they pierce into his thighs.

The screams of the robed figure echoed through the alley.

Before I could even do a fist pump and say "Yes!", a bloodthirst came from above this time. From above?

When I looked up as I felt it, a single masked man instantly jumped down from the roof of the house whose walls enclosed the alley. Carrying in his hand is also a sword and at the spot he is dropping down to is miss Redhead.

I don't have the confidence in being able to hit the dropping body. When I judged so, I create the weapon that pulverized the golem in that sacred mountain—a great axe of ice.

"Miss Redhead, get down!"

Miss Redhead ducked by reflex from my sharp voice and I swung the sturdy axe towards the assassin approaching from above.

A blow that swept away the wind horizontally silently sunk into the masked man's flank and he was blown away, thrown onto the walls of the alley.

The bloodthirst continues from behind me.* When I looked over my shoulder, one masked person was approaching us and even further away was a servant crouching down with blood flowing from his arm. So they broke through.

The approaching masked man opened his eyes wide from my large axe that materialized suddenly (from another person's perspective) and his steps became disordered. Without missing that opening, I also sent him flying to the walls of the alley with a sweep of the great axe.

My choice of a great axe has been decided to be my default equipment at the end of the training and discussion with Real. My defensive and offensive abilities rose with the armguards and legguards, but I understood how much fighting strength and the like I, who had lived in modern Japan, have with those on. I can move better than an ordinary person, but you can't really expect me to pass as an opponent against the pros of this world — the people whose livelihood is fighting. Therefore, the way of fighting I chose is a blunt and extreme logic that is “overwhelming them with long distance support and a weapon with huge power.”

In that case, why not a sword is what I think you're going to ask, but an axe is easier to imagine than a sword when I'm creating a weapon. This is also why an axe was the first thing I created using spirit magic. I'm not sure myself why that was what I made at the beginning. Like I've mentioned before, as long as I have the divine protection of the spirits, the axe's weight that I feel is optimised for swinging around. It's unusually effective if you can handle this large lump of mass the same way you can with a normal sword.

----No, there is even someone who can wield a greatsword of their height at will through pure physical strength. Someone like an elf eared, huge breasted swordswoman.

It came to the extent of receiving Real's authorisation who said “If it's regular adversaries, this should be enough to fight with for now I suppose.”

Unrest runs through the masked men whose three comrades were incapacitated in the twinkling of an eye. The five that appeared in the beginning were a decoy and the last person that attacked from the roof was in fact the deciding factor. Would it perhaps be fine if the robed people's powerful magic I intercepted with ice would blow us away? There's no point in asking since something like this happened.

Here we have one injured, but five people including me. Miss Redhead is for the moment outside of the fighting power I calculated. As for the masked men, there are three remaining. It's obvious which side has an advantage in both the difference in number of people and fighting power.

Above all else, what the masked men didn't expect was my existence. Or actually, that I myself brought about this situation was too unexpected. The one who knocked the

three enemies out was me. If I wasn't here, the surprise magic attack at the beginning would've ended everything.

Realizing the failure of their attack, the masked men separated from the servants they were crossing swords with without any words and rushed to the side of the robed figure whose blood is spilling from his legs.

One of the masked men took out a sphere like something and held it up.

"You—"

“—think we'll let you escape!?”

Taking over the words of one of the servants, I let go of the axe, and stuck my hand in front of me. I concentrate all my consciousness to the space that continues from the hand I held out.

What is necessary for spirit magic is a precise image. What you desire, what you intend to do. You address the spirits with a firm enough will and materialize it to reality. It's fortunate that the masked bunch are gathered in one place.

What I'm imagining is a [Cage]. Gripping my right hand, my left hand was open with something broad and flat on top of it. Placing my imagination on my right hand and my left hand choosing the ground.

“Or rather an instant jail!”

I struck the bottom of my right hand on my left hand. When the sound of a slap resounded, a wall appeared, enclosing the masked men. The cube of ice cleanly imprisoned those guys just before they escaped.

The semi transparent wall that appeared couldn't stop the momentum of the swinging arm though. The ball that was released by the masked man struck the ground and exploded, gushing out a very thick white smoke.

----inside the space that is made airtight by the wall.

...Is this where I should start laughing?

No, as far as the masked men are concerned, this must be a state of emergency. If they used a smoke bomb meant for escape, it'll only fill the cage that locked them up without them noticing. Our vision here is good enough, but the vision in there has pretty much become zero.

They seem to be hitting the wall of ice from the inside, but it's not moving an inch. The strength of the ice I make with spirit magic is influenced by the image I put into it and the distance. The maximum strength when it's near me is so strong it takes all of Real's power to be able to destroy it. If it's separated from me, it would dampen and at the same time precise modelling becomes difficult as well. Because the distance between me and the ice cage is short, it's not a difficult thing to create, but if it had that simple structure and you hold a strong image, it will hold a considerable sturdiness. Moreover, the ice I make with spirit magic is [linked] with me as long as the influence of the spirits aren't severed. As long as my consciousness isn't separated from [that], it won't break from a small amount of impact

Phew, I calmed down for now. There's neither bloodlust I can feel nor movement in magic power. The two masked men I threw onto the wall also lost their consciousness. That one time I struck with the axe, I felt that several bones broke, but he didn't die. I may have ended up overenthusiastically breaking his spinal cord, but let's just leave it at them getting their just desserts.

"Miss Redhead"

"...eh?"

Even when I called out, Miss Redhead was being absentminded.

"I know those masked men aren't your acquaintances, but did you happen to know they were aiming for your life?"

"Ah... uhm... err..."

A voice comes out of her mouth, but it got stuck in her throat. An inarticulate sound came out choppy. Feeling confused by the change in the hectic state of affairs?

"Say Mr. servants"

"..."

And they're keeping quiet huh. Except that, their eyes that are watching the masked men that were caged by the ice and are now unconscious is very grim. I could read from their facial expressions that they weren't aware of it whatsoever. Since she looked like a rich lady, I imagined it to be her connection with her parents or ransom and whatnot, but I'm not even supposed to be able to imagine the personal history of the other party whom I didn't even meet until about an hour ago.

But, what am I going to do now? Whether I'm close to it or not, it takes too much effort to keep objects formed under my control. If I'm going to keep maintaining the cage, I won't be able to move sufficiently while maintaining it.

Shall I lower the temperature inside the cage until it's below zero and have that seal the movement of the masked men for now? If I do that, I don't have to worry about them running away even if I release the cage.

I was about to try and change my image.

—A vivid sensation pierced through my skin.

I feel an excess movement of magic power which I can even remember the pain from.

The ice cage burst before I could identify the source of that magic power.

-gh, gaaaah!"

Intense pain runs through my right hand I'm using to solidify the image of the cage.

Even if tears are collecting in the corner of my eye, I bit my teeth and glared in front of me. The ice cage was smashed to pieces all the same and the white smoke that was filled inside spread and intercepted my vision.

I couldn't see it from my eyes, but I can feel the four presences trying to separate from that place. Moreover, even those guys I sent flying started to move because of this opportunity. Can they actually move with those injuries? Even though there's supposed to be quite some damage to several of their ribs and their internal organs even if they're not dead. The movement of the two masked men who are holding their side and running away are so fast you wouldn't think they were injured at all and neither me nor the servants could reach our hands right away.

“Not so—fast!”

The feeling in my right arm doesn't return. I create ice on my remaining left hand and kicked off with all my strength. I'll have the spirit compensate for my half-hearted aim. An ice pebble that's flying at a high speed is approaching one of the men that are trying to run away.

While a boom sound of explosion arose, a crimson pillar stretches into the sky. The ice pebble was sucked into that pillar of flames and evaporated with just a sound.

—gh, what's with that guy!?

I was astonished by the [quality] of the magic power that pillar of flames is composed of.

It's a magic power similar to my destroyed ice. However, it's different in quality compared to any human I've seen until now. It's so rich in quality that I'm doubting if that person is human.

The ice pebble vanished, the fingertips of my left hand is tingling numb. Even though it wasn't made that strong as a result of creating it off the cuff, it returned to my body. In other words, it means that that pillar of flames was that extremely hot.

The flame pillar continued to burn at that place for a while and eventually extinguished after a good three minutes. The portion of the paving that is at the base of the fire pillar has melted. What an extreme heat. The masked men disappeared from there without a trace. I looked around for their presence, but there was nothing within the range I can feel. So they escaped.

We didn't catch him, but it ended with the assailants failing their criminal act. There's no killing intent in this place anymore. We came out with one injured, but judging from appearance it's to the extent of his arm being cut off. In this world, there is something convenient called healing magic. In the case your arm didn't become a stump, it can be healed without difficulties if you show it to a professional I think.

“...We're grateful for your assistance. It may have been dangerous with just us.

One of the servants thanked me while sheathing his sword into the scabbard.

"I'd prefer [some money] as thanks instead of words you know. It's a fact that I essentially have neither a relationship nor obligation with that lady you guys are serving. You won't face punishment even if I receive an inconvenience fee, right?"

When I tell them while making a halo with my finger, the servants made a smile although they were astonished.

"Certainly, there is no doubt we involved you in this. I understand, your desired renumeration is—not what we can give you, but let us pay you at least the market price for a merchant requesting an escort."

"Negotiation's complete then I guess. Ah, I'm a country bumpkin, so I don't really know the actual market price. Can I call over my guardian? Since she should probably be well informed in that."

"We do not mind, of course."

"Then for the time being, let's go to the inn we're staying at and—"

—my vision shook violently.

"...Huh... what?"

Strength left my feet and I fell on my back at that spot. An intense fatigue surged from inside my head. I remember this feeling.

"He- hey, are you alright!?"

"Aah, this looks impossible I guess"

My consciousness is about to break off.

"My bad, but hey... can you call my guardian please?"

I somehow mustered up the last of my strength and after I told them the location of the inn Real is staying in, I collapsed in this place.

Chapter 15

When making agreements, check the rules

Mastery in spirit magic is different from magic, but what's common between the two is the large connection to one's mind. For magic, the required magic power is refined through force of will and for spirit magic, you use your force of will directly. In other words, there are actions to reduce the impact from magic power during a break of connection between mind and magic in the case of magic and there are none of that for spirit magic. As a result, the stronger and more complex the spirit magic is, the more effect the rebound has on the user when it's destroyed. For example the reversal of curses in Japanese mysteries.

With my eyes still shut, I vaguely recall what happened to my body.

This time, the image was simple but due to the firmly made ice cage being forcibly destroyed, the screams of the spirits that dwells in there rebounded towards my body. Something similar also happened often in my training with Real. In the beginning, I lost my consciousness over and over in one day. That girl's offensive abilities are somewhat ridiculous.

While I'm thinking about that, my hazy thoughts are becoming clearer. I regained my consciousness a long time ago, so I open my eyes swiftly.

...I'm greeted with a closeup on miss Redhead's face. Her face is so close; a little bit more and our lips would touch. I perfectly lock my eyes to such girl.

“...Close, aren't you?”

“Uhyaa-”

While raising a strange voice, miss Redhead jerked her face away. Her face is dyed bright red like an apple, bordering the color of her hair.

----Did I just do something regretful? Is what I thought by accident.

“...I’m still somewhat sleepy.”

Maybe my mind’s not completely recovered, my head feels heavy. Even so, I somehow raise up my body on the bed. And accordingly, I realized I’m actually on a bed. I once again look around me and I see this is the room I took in the inn we’re staying at. It looks like the servants kept their word after I lost my consciousness.

I raised up my body, but I can’t think of what to do next at all. • • • • • For the time being, shall I go call Real? I wonder if she’ll let me into the room next door. If not, can I go to the dining room? But my body’s moving slowly. Shall I just go sleep like this?

“Ah, uhm...”

When I felt like losing to the temptation of going back to sleep Miss Redhead talked to me as if she’s wringing out her words. She became red up until some time ago, but now her face suddenly changed into a timid one.

I wonder if there’s something she wanted to talk about. When I raise my eyes, miss Redhead curls her lips like she’s impatiently trying to form her words.

“...You see”

“.....”

“...Err”

“.....”

“...Uhm”

You’re kind of looping, you know.

Is this the pattern where I have to wait forever? Afterwards it’ll loop many times over and even if I wait and wait, miss Redhead won’t advance the conversation at all by just leaking out a monotonous voice from her mouth. Shall I blow the fuse?

Before I even opened my mouth, the door of the inn was opened with a big bang.

“Aargh, you’re being sluggish!”

Both miss Redhead and my shoulders shakes in a beat. The one who appeared with a

force that broke the door was Real and one of miss Redhead's servant group. The one whom I exchanged words with just before I lost my consciousness also appeared.

"He-, hey real, good morning"

"Good morning, Kanna. But it's already past evening, you know."

So I was unconscious for about four hours.

"I was really surprised you know. Just when I recalled that you suddenly broke into a run, you suddenly lost consciousness and was carried here after all."

"I worried you didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," Real was relieved from the bottom of her heart as she said that.

"Now then, young lady."

Being called by Real, miss Redhead once again shook her shoulders.

"Didn't you have something you should be telling Kanna?"

Real strongly says that without going as far as reproaching her or saying it with a loud voice.

"Perhaps he doesn't care, don't you think? If I hear the story from the head servant behind me correctly, the [settlement]has already been completed during that incident after all. The root of his actions was a sense of justice, but he ended up wanting to follow the example of that stubbornness that wished for a profitable result though.

She must be talking about the remuneration for the inconvenience. I have no complaints for now if I'm able to receive the things I can receive.

"However, that is only completed during that time. Legally, you are supposed to go through someone well-informed.---- I was thinking that talk was over during the time Kanna was unconscious, but don't make me repeat it."

It feels like miss Redhead was scolded by Real from the flow of the conversation. I

wonder if miss Redhead experienced the imperial wrath of miss Elven ears. But nevertheless, Real doesn't really get angry. Her aura feels similar to that of a mother scolding a child whose manners are unacceptable. There shouldn't be any children like miss Redhead around though, age wise.

----She's overflowing with motherhood though, thanks to the voluptuous fruit that is her chest.

No no no. It can't be true that boobs=mother right? There really is still no motherhood within her. She's more on the wild side.

...I really have been thinking about nothing but boobs since last night.

It's completely because of the appearance of miss Magnificent melons, Real and miss Redhead. I'm not at fault. What's at fault are the violent boobs. Wait, I'm thinking about them again.

Within the extremely serious mood, when only one person is immersed in nothing but stupid thoughts, miss Redhead faced me as if she is resolved.

"My name is Faima. This may be selfish of me, but I will be concealing my family name."

Miss Redhead bows when she gives us her name.

"...I would like you to forgive my impoliteness so far."

I can understand those words didn't come from the outside, but from the bottom of her heart.

"You have saved me not only once, but twice now. Despite that, I wasn't thinking about anything save satisfying my curiosity and had forgotten even the least amount of gratitude."

I certainly didn't get a thank you from miss Redhead--Faima. I had no [expectations] from the beginning so I completely forgot about it.

"It is truly too late for this, but thank you for saving me. Had you not been there, I wouldn't have been able to express my gratitude in this place."

"...You're welcome."

Being thanked by a beauty isn't bad either. My face naturally loosened.

We negotiated again with the head servant and received a certain amount of [reward]. Real said we got a lot more than the cost of hiring a short term escort, but it's an appropriate price if you take into account the included inconvenience fee. When you rip someone off underhandedly or you conversely restrain yourselves, the relationship between the two of you will become complicated. It's a reasonable line don't you think?

Faima expressed her gratitude for saving her and also expressed her apology for unnecessarily chasing me around.

"So why were you out in the middle of the night without taking your servants in the first place?"

"Once in a while I consider taking a walk on my own."

Though they're guards, I guess you'll still feel depressed if the slovenly male servants cling onto you around the clock.

"...Afterwards, I was severely scolded by them though."

The head servant shows a face that is sour to the eyes. It doesn't look like he's an attendant who's just a yes-man to their employer. If she's already scolded, then I have nothing to say.

According to the servant, she herself seems to be quite a high ranking sorcerer and in a perfect situation she wouldn't seem to be held back by those kinds of hoodlums. Actually the girl was trying to repel the hoodlums calmly at the time she got involved with them. But she was attacked from behind by one of their fellows hidden in the back alley, was strangled by an arm and panicked or something. If I didn't take that road or if I'm even a little bit later, she would choke like that and faint. And then she would be dragged deep inside the back alley that has become quiet and-- oops, speaking any more about that is meaningless now. I mean, I happened to be there during her crisis and as a result, I was able to repel those bunch of hoodlums.

Incidentally, the bunch of hoodlums I smashed (literally) were handed over to the soldiers' post that maintains this city's public order by the servants or something.

Their bad behavior wasn't limited to Faima and they seem to have done quite a lot of harm to the citizens here. This is the first time they attempted rape, but for some reason they had an eye on things like theft, leaving the restaurant without paying and violence. It's just that they are fast on their feet as befitting to small scoundrels and they would escape each time during the time between the reports from the townspeople and the time the soldiers come running. As for the culture of this world, assembling a case to arrest people seems difficult unless they are caught red handed. But the servants properly restrained them with Faima's fresh testimony and the fainting on top of it, so their delivery was done smoothly and the last days of the bunch of hoodlums swiftly caught up to them. For now, I hope they won't come out until they reflected from the bottom of their hearts.

"Speaking of which, Kanna. Why did you also go outside on your own?"

The brief explanation on the circumstances ended and Real also had understood what happened last night. That remark is an extremely natural question.

...I can't tell her that. Things like going to some erotic lady's place that is.

"He certainly did shout something at that time. Uhm, something about nyannya--"
"Miss Faima stooop!"

I interrupt miss Redhead with a scream when she was about to blurt it out.

"What's wrong Kanna? Why did you suddenly interrupt her with a loud voice?"
"...Look Real, there are times that men too want to be silent and alone."
"...? ... Is that so."

From my earnest tone of voice, Real stopped the conversation without prying further into it.

That, that was dangerous. Last night I shouted quite some words. They're at the point where even I would walk away from myself when I think back about it. Faima even swallowed my desperation and shut her mouth.

"By the way, both of you. I can see you appear to be traveling, judging from your

appearances."

"Correct. We only stopped by this town to replenish our supplies. We will be departing tomorrow"

Faima already heard what Real stated straightforwardly.

"Uhm... If you don't mind, can I ask where you will be heading to?"

"Hm? Our destination would be the Empire of Diagall (diagaru) though?"

"Is that true!?"

Woah. The moment she was told our destination, miss Redhead takes a big bite at it.

"Excuse me" says Faima along with a cough.

"The truth is, I was hoping I could count on you on this request I have"

Faima seems to have an unparalleled enthusiasm in regards to magic. She says she took her servants who are working in her house and right now she is on a journey in order to further extend her deep knowledge about magic. This time, the ice magic I use just like that was too unorthodox and her curiosity took a full swing or something.

Currently the place the girl is heading towards to is strangely enough the Kingdom of Diagall, just like us. She is in the middle of a journey in order to acquire the secrets of magic that is handed down in that place.

As a matter of fact, the Kingdom of Deagall is Real's birthplace. Perhaps, since the place of destination never came up until now, she added that information.

"However, one person is rendered unable to escort me because of today's attack."

"Was it that serious of an injury?"

"His life is certainly saved, but his sword arm was strongly cut off. It will return to how it was before, but I was told by the healing magician that a treatment period of at least two to three months is necessary for that."

It's really amazing that it can return to how it was before. If this is the real world, then the treatment at worst would be to amputate his arm to protect the rest of his body if there are no medical facilities with proper equipment for things like joining of the

bones and stitching of the nerves. That's healing magic for you. But it looks like returning it immediately is also impossible for them I guess.

"It would have been fine if it was for one week, but we can't stay in this town for more than a month. I feel sorry for him, but we will go ahead of him to the country and have him devote himself to the treatment in this town. Naturally, his living and treatment expenses will be taken care of however."

It looks like she doesn't have the least amount of intention to toss him away when he becomes useless. I wish the pitch black princess black would follow her example.

However, the gap he left open with this is not small. Having said that, I have no plans to employ someone new whose name we don't even know. I will certainly not reveal my name however, my house is a house of [fairly well] renown. It doesn't stop at people approaching us who harbors bad intentions to aim for that reputation."

I'm troubled in deciding whether I should call her extravagant or careful. I want to say "Isn't it fine if you just go back home obediently?". I have a blunt way of saying things though.

"Therefore we have this conversation with the two of you."

"...In other words, you would like to form a contract with us?"

As Real had anticipated, Faima nods "Yes".

"Calling this fortunate would be strange, but the two of you are in the middle of heading towards Diagall. If possible, I would like to ask if you could take up the duty of escorting me on the way. Naturally, I will compensate you for everything in addition to the remuneration; the living expenses during the escort as well as the treatment expenses from injuries as a result of fights."

"That is quite thorough of you."

If you properly employ one person and end up being in charge of all the necessary expenses, it won't be cheap. It's an extraordinary treatment if you're employed with full compensation.

“Hmm, so there is no need for us to go over our large traveling expenses. What shall we do, Kanna?”

“You’re letting me decide?”

Real shifts her focus to me who was listening intently until the end.

“I can’t just arbitrarily form a contract without asking for my partner’s opinion, now can I?”

From my point of view, Real is my [guardian], but my status seems to have gone up to one with an equal relationship before I noticed.

“Even if you say that to me...”

For now, all I could do is scratch my cheeks.

Chapter 16

I peek at the end of the abyss

I wasn't able to give an answer to the "contract" right away. For the time being I responded to Faima with "I will make up my mind before tomorrow morning". Faima nodded without showing any dissatisfaction in particular and returned to the inn she is staying at.

A little bit later, the one who dropped her body on the chair Faima was sitting on until now is Real this time.

"It is a little late, but how are you feeling? You have lost consciousness from receiving the backlash from the spirit art, haven't you?"

"You've got great insight. My right arm still feels a little funny."

I try to drag out my right arm from the bed, but the response is bad in every way. The part from my elbow to my fingertips doesn't listen to me. It felt that its actions were one beat late to the instructions I relayed from the beginning.

Real touches my right hand I dragged out and massages it softly.

"I see, your muscles are becoming stiff. What about pain?"

"It was terrible right after the backlash, but now I've got no pain."

"So it was so bad you can feel the pain... the reason must be that a considerable firm object was broken."

She too had been taught the usual knowledge in relation to spirit arts by grandma. She understood the reason I lost my consciousness.

"You did hear it from Faima and the servants, didn't you?"

"The outline, yes. However, I also want you to let me hear your opinion on this. When it comes to breaking your ice, they should have considerably strong magic after all. Please explain from the beginning, just to be certain."

Just as I was asked, I briefly explained to Real from the time the masked men attacked us until the time I fainted. It's just that my head isn't in a normal condition, so I told her beforehand that there are some parts in my memory that are unclear to me.

"...I will be checking it, but how much time was there between the presence of that magic power and the invocation of the magic formula?"

"There was about one or two seconds between that. But, what about that?"

After asking, Real put her hand on her chin for a while like she's thinking.

"I've taught you the general information in relation to magic during the time we stayed at the village at the foot of the mountains, didn't I?"

"I'm not sure if I understood it completely though."

"That is fine. --generally, in order to use magic, you require magic power and a magic formula for the sake of controlling that magic power. You also use magic power to construct the magic formula and by inserting magic power the second time into the finished magic formula, you invoke the magic."

"I can remember at least that much."

"In order to invoke magic, it becomes necessary to control magic twice. And so, the two times you control magic becomes more complex the stronger the magic becomes and the require time will also increase."

That is roughly the same as the fantasy knowledge in my mind.

"Is there something wrong with that?"

"...It looks like you haven't noticed it."

"I'm shocked" Real says as her eyes become half-closed.

"This will be only a little off-topic, but I'm proud of my considerable offensive ability."

"...It's not at the level where you can end it with quite a few words, don't you think?"

"Be quiet and listen. In addition, if I use body reinforcement magic as well, my power would jump up several times."

"Yeah, that was dreadful."

A roughly two meter diameter lump of ice I created with my body and soul was cut right in half after all. My consciousness soared for three hours from the spirit art's backlash though.

"So you remember. The ice your spirit art created possesses the strength that took my all to be able to break it. And so, let's return to today's matter."

"No, I intended to make the ice cage sturdy, but I had no reason to put my all into it, you know."

"Slow, aren't you. Is your head still not cleared up from the effect of the backlash? Although you didn't put in all your strength, the intensity of the ice is also quite comparable to that of "iron" at the moment you made it. Also, a magic that blows up iron to smithereens is not as easy as a fire attribute magic that can bring forth instantaneous power."

"...Ah."

I finally arrived at Real's worries.

"You finally understand now. That's right. The time between the rise in magic power and the invocation is too short considering it's a magic capable of destroying your ice. It's a different story if it was an elementary magic, but when it comes to power that can destroy an object possessing the strength of steel, it is impossible to do something like refining a magic formula in a mere one or two seconds. --No, I won't say it is impossible, but what's certain is that a power on the level of a court magician becomes necessary for this, you see."

So in other words, it's impossible if there's no people who is roughly able to cause destruction to thousands of people with just ten of them?

"Now that you mention it, that magic power was pretty strange, you know."

"Strange you say?"

"I finally recalled after hearing about it though."

The ice cage exploded and a pillar of flame broke out afterwards. Both have the same quality of magic power, but the presence was so dense it doesn't look like it belongs to a person. Now that my thoughts have become clear, I'm able to say it with confidence.

"It's not like I've seen enough of this world's people to the point of being able to assert this, but--"

...Wait, huh?

It's true that up until now I haven't seen anyone who possess magic power that dense.

But I'm bothered by it.

...I wonder if it's the atmosphere if I have to say it.

Honestly, I don't understand the difference in presence and atmosphere, but it's not so clear as to be called a presence. Even so, when I've noticed it once, it won't leave my head. I can't get it out of my mind.

Have I come across this magic and the possessor of magic with a similar atmosphere?

Speaking of acquaintances, is it Faima? No, I admit she possesses huge magic power, but it wasn't so dense that she had quit being human. And as for her servants, they didn't reach the level of a sorcerer Real told me about.

The residents of this town too; sometimes there are people with outstandingly high amounts of magic power, but not at the amount of Faima's.

I rewind my memories. I recall the residents of the village at the foot of the mountains, but there were no sorcerers there in the first place. The spirit grandma I'm left with doesn't possess magic power like me, but she is an exception. Then, that soothing flying dragon summoned by Real? No, it may not be human, but it's still different.

Going back even more... I don't really want to recall it, but it's that castle I was in at the beginning. Oh I see, of the places I've caught sight of people possessing magic power at a level that can be called a sorcerer, that castle had the most. However, each and every one of them are also different.

I recalled my memories up to there and the person in question wasn't there. I suspect it's a lapse of memories though--I deny that immediately. The presence of that magic power remained inside of me.

Suddenly, I remembered Faima's face.

Now that I think about it, there was someone holding a presence similar to her. I forgot about that.

----In the shade of Faima's face, I could see a different person.

Shudder my back shivers and froze in place.

A strong chill and nausea swoops down on me and blood drains from my face.

"H- What's wrong, Kanna-"

Seeing my face becoming unusually pale, Real grabs my shoulders. However, I don't have any composure to put my awareness onto the girl.

...I finally reached it.

The existence of that woman who houses that intense deep darkness inside her eyes.

The existence of that woman who summoned me to this fantasy world and self-centeredly, haughtily and ruthlessly discarded me.

It wasn't that I couldn't remember her. It was because I don't want to remember her.

There's no way I will forget her. It's just that I had no choice but to forget her even just temporarily. Each time she emerges in my mind, I would recall my extreme anger and hatred.

That doesn't change even now.

But, I can sense the magic power better than when I was summoned in the beginning so that's why I also understand.

No doubt the abyss is hiding in the depth of the eyes on that lovely beautiful face that can be called sweet. That abyss must be connected to that unusual magic power I felt.

As I chew off the nausea and the chill I felt in one go, I feel my partner's hand placed on my shoulder. While feeling the warmth from a person that is not myself, I regain

my composure in some way. Little by little, the blood also return and the worried Real spat out a breath of relief after seeing my complexion.

I look at the face of that girl.

“Real, I remember it now”

Real returned a serious look once again.

“That guy who bursted down my ice. The magic power I felt at that time is disgustingly similar to that bitch who summoned me to this world.”

“...Are you certain?”

“Yeah. The difference in amounts of magic power is in a different league so it’s hard to know, but now that I recalled it I don’t doubt it anymore.”

But, if we assume that, what would this all mean?

I noticed just today that Faima’s presence resemble that bitch, but at the same time Faima’s presence is different from that of the magic power. Usually if $A=B$ and $B=C$, then $A=C$. However, it doesn’t seem that simple in this subject. I have the conviction I won’t be fooled by a few misunderstandings.

“That princess is sharp and able enough to be expected to become the next ruler from within the royalty and at the same time she is magician enough to be the top five within her country.”

Real supplemented to the brooding me.

“She also has the capabilities as a court magician without exaggeration. If it is her, then she should be capable of constructing magic capable of destroying iron weapons in an instant. However, the next in line being in this remote place is--So in this case, it’s the queen. I don’t know the reason for her to be in this location.”

In the first place, their presence may resemble, but I know that the bitch isn’t in this place. Something else resemble this presence.

“Aaaah, somehow I have a very bad feeling about this.

I felt this unbearable discomfort towards this "something" the two have in common.

Chapter 17

You're able to enjoy this muddled story because it's somebody else's problem

“Sickness and health start with the mind” --if we have that saying, then paradoxically if the sickness is cured then what's in your mind should be fixed. Sickness won't be cured if you don't have physical strength. And you must eat delicious things in order to gain physical strength.

--Well, it's something stupid I'm thinking about while I'm trying to eat.

“Say, I was actually thinking about this since we were in the village at the foot of the sacred mountain, but eh”

It's dinner time right when my right arm has recovered and I'm able to move it without any problems. In order to recover the force of will I've spent as a result of using spirit arts and because I've become hungry like normal again, I've decided to have dinner.

“--Ain't the amount you're eating clearly overcapacity, Real?”

Being in the middle of my growth period, I pay additional charges to the inn and order 1.5 times the usual serving of a dish. That is probably quite the substantial amount of food.

“It's because a swordsman's asset is their body. If you don't properly eat whenever it's fine to eat, then you won't have the strength at the critical moment.”

Meanwhile, Real also took the same dish, but she has three servings or something. Three times the usual, twice the amount I ordered. Even though we're sitting in a four seat table with the two of us, the table is filled to the limit. And even though she started eating roughly at the same time as I did, the pace the ratio of food is disappearing is the same for us two, it's a dreadful story.

“How bad is the energy consumption of that body of yours? Normally, the things you

eat becomes either fuel or flesh or something though."

Since we're eating, I'm omitting the matter about excretion.

If I take a glance, I can tell that Real's body is slender. With one glance I can judge a body that's identified as female. She has good looks that I'm sure could earn her fame as a [model]. On the other hand, I know that despite her limbs being supple if you were to touch them, they hide enough physical strength to freely handle that large sword at will. I have heard of this before by chance; it's the most ideal form of muscle.

Even so, I'm sure that's still an excessive amounts of calorie.

"Muhh, I do admit that my energy consumption is certainly bad, but this doesn't mean that I won't put on any weight at all, okay?"

Real puts the tip of the fork in her mouth and expresses her complaints. There's probably some meat attached to her under her clothes.

"How can you think about carefree things?" She says as she hits her breastplate with her hand.

"It's simple, I happen have a constitution where it accumulates as much in my [breasts] as I've eaten whenever I eat. Good grief, even if they get any bigger, they will only become hindrances in combat, I tell you. My armor as well as my clothes; because I don't fit in ready-made goods, I have to have them custom made so I'm also dealing with money. They're inconvenient things....? What's wrong Kanna? Sinking into silence suddenly."

Perhaps the biggest surprise since coming to this world just held sway over me.

--Did she just say they can still get bigger? Real's [that] I mean.

Teal's pair of hills already can't be described as anything other than giant breasts, is she saying they'll evolve even further into [explosive breasts]!?"Breasts grows as much as I've eaten whenever I eat" she says, it's like a special constitution that would make women from all over the world cry in envy. If that Ayana hears about this, she'll go crazy I bet.

I calmly look around the place and I realize that the fellows sitting inside the store are

firmly straining their ears while pretending to be indifferent. The guy's interests in the two fruits are also mutual across the world. Furthermore, the not so few female guests here are looking at Real with jealousy and envious eyes. It's their impression regarding Real's prime beauty and the conversation just now.

A slim and attractive figure and an attractive face are supposed to be characteristics of "Elves". It's extremely rare to pass by other elves like Real in town, but the breasts of the ladies, never mind the men, were slippery and flat if you know what I mean. No, I'm fairly sure Real is a half-elf. So does that mean that one of her parents has strong giant breast genes?

----Thank you very much! Is what I want to go and tell that parent.

My stomach is also bulging out and my energy is replenished. Real wraps up the conversation while we're enjoying the after meal tea.

"So, have you come to an answer?"

Of course, it's about the contract Faima offered some time ago.

"As the senior in journeys, what do you think about it Real?"

While sipping the bitter black tea-like tea, I request for her opinion.

"Listening to it, it's an exceptional treatment, isn't it? Taking responsibility on the entire expenses and the like, usually these situations are mainly merchant groups who possess a plan within limitations or travelling aristocrat households. When it comes to individuals, a completion bonus is more than enough and most of the other travel expenses will be paid by themselves."

"As far as I heard the story, she seems to have grown well too."

Apart from her physically grown up breasts, she had an impression that her education among other things were seemingly quite high. At the time of our first meeting, she displayed quite a plain self-conceit, but I can agree that she's from a household with a name like she said to the point of maintaining politeness and keeping us company.

"If she can move that much money individually, then either she has very doting parents or the person herself is very good."

As far as I can see from the person herself, it must be the latter.

"If I have to say it, I became curious when she didn't reveal her family name, but that is because it is usual for aristocrats to conceal their names and go on a journey."

"It's probably because they have ties of obligations, aristocrats that is."

In real world Japan too has family lineages that has an ancient and honorable origin that continued from their former peerage and not only do they have a history, they also have a household that rode on the currents of antiquity and obtained power. There's also one among the people I'm familiar with and that person often spill out complains.

"They are certainly a privileged class, but I can't deny that they are also troublesome social position. Socializing with other households or territory management if you're a man. An uncomfortable life in one way or another through a political marriage. At first glance it looks glamorous and the facts are muddled."

Real's face turns bitter and she drinks the bitter tea to make it look misleading. The world is different, but the darkness of the upper classes being deep doesn't change. To put it in other words, various things of the universal human societies may have been condensed because it is a cramped world.

"Miss Faima's position must also be in a political marriage I guess. She has that much beauty and wisdom. She's very popular for sure. Her journey to Deagal could be the last freedom she's been given before that."

"Quit it, don't make this conversation any heavier than this. It'll get harder to decide."

If I only listen to that, I'll end up accepting it, don't you think?

If Yuuzuki was here, then he should become extremely angry at the time the political marriages and the like is announced. To put it bluntly, that guy only would act violent and doesn't think and all kinds of various preparations were made by me in cooperation with the little girl in question. If we're going to do it, then we'll do it, so I

want him to try and act more well behaved.

“Setting that aside. If we properly exchange contracts with her, then we should have no problems as long as she doesn’t commit any dishonesty. It’s a surprisingly attractive negotiation if I only listen to it. We have a surplus in our savings, but if she will bear in mind the emergency expenses, then we won’t have to worry about it no matter how much money she has.”

Taking the burden on the total expenses on various things surely is attractive. It’s because we can go on a journey without putting our hands on our current savings; if it was the usual we would be stupid not to accept this.

If it was the usual--I unexpectedly noticed that preface.

“As I expected, are you curious about the owner of that magic power?”

“...It would be stranger if I’m not curious about it don’t you think?”

Some time ago when Faima approached us with that proposal, my head still hasn’t been recovered yet to the point of being able to completely understand its contents. And now, my mind has recovered, my stomach is satisfied and my energy is full. But even so what I’m still hesitating about is all because of that strange magic power I felt at the end of the attack.

“There’s no doubt that the owner of that magic power used magic in order to save the masked men. You should know that too, Real. If we accept being Faima’s escorts, then we will almost certainly clash with the owner of that magic power, you know that?”

I guess Faima brought up this proposal because of that. It’s impossible for her to not realize this. It’s a magic that can emit super-high heat enough to melt flagstones. If a person is directly hit by it, then they would carbonize on the spot, or they become ashes without leaving any trace and disappear. Even if the servants risk their life to try and protect their master, they will burn up along with him.

“Even if it’s a financially attractive contract, the risk is too big. We’re not so troubled with money that we have to put our lives at stake for the sake of a noble lady whom we just met yesterday and we’re not that soft-hearted either.”

If it was that idiot, then I bet he would readily accept the escort of Faima, but is it fortunate or unfortunate that he's not at this place?

"You're surprisingly cold aren't you? You went out to help the daughter in the village at the foot of the mountain without hesitation, I tell you."

"That was me getting swept up by the course of events if I remember, but circumstances are circumstances. I also regretted the time I spent hesitating. In the first place, weren't you also brimming with motivation to undertake that task?"

In my case, the hand I was dealt with was unusually limited, so there were a lot of situations where I inevitably had to rely on another person's abilities. So that may be why I don't hesitate in to take someone's hands. Of course, I don't plan on taking someone's hand without compensation and I'll also do reasonable transactions. If, at that time, Real misunderstood the agreement, I would be tempted to demand recompenses from the villager I guess. Real gave the agreement before I could make demands, so it was lucky for us that we were able to shorten the time.

If it was that Yuuzuki, he would decide immediately with 0 time to consider it and also charge into the mountains at night with the intention to do this free of charge, that's for sure. He's a hopeless guy when it comes to taking things into consideration, but sometimes I feel jealous towards that lack of hesitation and grudges are also born towards the greatest heights of his ability. I've been associating with my incompetence for a very long time, so my jealousy and grudges disappear instantly and also there's Yuuzuki's degree of stupidity that outdoes all of that, so my anger would come out instead.

"As a result, it was a farce the spirit grandma played though."

"Don't say that. The spirit lady as well as the villagers have apologized deeply and you have also received a power that is useful to you. It's exceptional as a recompense in regards to the crime."

"That's also true, I guess."

I leak out negative words one after another from my mouth, but if I only express arguments based on emotion without any reason, then I would believe it's fine to undertake the escorting of Faima.

In the end, me and that guy may resemble each other in the roots. Otherwise, we would've never hung out together since around elementary school until now, though it's an undesirable but inseparable friendship.

In any case, I'm at a loss as to whether not pushing through reasoning with emotional arguments is me being cautious or me not being dependable. I keep calling Yuuzuki a good for nothing and all, but on the contrary, I may also be good for nothing.

"So at a time like this... we drink."

"Wait, why did it come to that?"

"Hé, young lady. Some alcohol s'il vous plaît."

Ignoring Real's calm retort, I ordered some fruit wine from the waitress. Real shrugs and also orders the same thing. By the way, there are no age limits to drinking alcohol. Generally it looks like you will develop a taste for it from the age of fifteen so there are no problems-- or should be.

"----Do you mind if I also join you?"

Right when the waitress passed by to fetch wooden cups to pour the wine into, a voice calls out from behind me.

I turn around and a face I've seen before--Faima's head servant is there.

Chapter 18

Prof. In the end

Mr. Head servant--Rand lowers himself on one of the seats of the table we're sitting at and orders his own alcohol. As soon as his order arrives, he lifts up a cup out of thin air.

"Well then, first of all, a toast."

We knock the cups together. As the container makes a dull sound from being made of wood, I take one gulp out of it. One cup after work is the best isn't it?... With the matter during the daytime, I can say I've worked right?

Rand has a nice guy look like a pretty boy who has piled up the right amount of years. Or more like, all of Faima's servants has well-featured looks on the whole and Rand, who's at the top, also has looks that's at the top. Do I care? Did they not spare any daily training? I get more of a masculine impression from them rather than fresh and their lean body can be seen even more when they're lightly dressed without armor. So this is the so-called slender macho. It's one of men's ideal physique. If I was a woman I would be captivated by that for a while.

"First things first, I want to give you my thanks about the matter during the day. You may have heard it from our lady, but please let me say it once again. If it weren't for you Mr. Kanna, we would've all perished without being able to protect our lady. As the chief attendant, we give you our heartfelt thanks."

I wave my hand to Rand who lowered his head very deeply and answer.

"That case is already settled, okay? We're receiving a certain amount of reward after all."

"That is a matter between public and private. Excuse me, but please accept it obediently."

I embarrassingly point my eyes to Real, but she just nods while smiling. "I guess it can't

be helped" I think and I silently accept his thanks.

"So? You probably didn't come here to say only that. Or are you truly here for the alcohol?"

Says Real while she puts down the cup she drank out of. I take another mouthful of the citrus flavored fruit wine. It's good.

"I certainly did come here to give you my thanks, but the main question I have is something different."

You don't say.

While preparing himself, he tightened his serious face even more seriously and looks in front of me in the eye. So he has no intentions to have some silly talk over some drinks.

"What I want to say is, I've come to this place to request you to be milady's--Lady Faima's escort. This is the general consensus of all of us attendants, so there are no problems."

"Really, you attendants--"

It was a way of speaking that had no meaning in any way.

"What about the lady in question?"

"----Milady is, she doesn't know I've come to this place. This is on my own judgment. If possible I would like to request you to keep this a secret to the lady."

I already thought so from the development, you know.

"I told you I would give you my reply tomorrow morning, didn't I?"

"But, that doesn't necessarily mean you will accept being her escort, now does it?"

"No, that's why I'm telling you, I'm still in the middle of hesitating about that part."

I've been stuck in between it the whole time until you got here you know.

"...It's about the lady. She certainly have given you a request to escort her, but I suppose

she has no anticipation to a favorable response. We are also of the same opinion. No matter how high the rewards, if you are an adventurer who has gained experience, then you wouldn't give your word without much thoughts. In that respect, I can put more trust in you who didn't immediately agree."

Although experience is experience, mine was that of a back alley fight.

"So you gave up halfway? If that's the case, then why are in a place like this, Mister Rand?"

"Even if the prospects are low, putting our utmost devotion to our master is our duty."

I moisten my dry lips with the wine.

"I wonder if you are seeing how serious of a situation this is, Sir Rand."

"...We as well as our lady are similarly aware of it."

Rand nods heavily towards Real's words.

"Lady Faima is from a certain noble house. There should be a myriad of perpetrators who would aim for someone like her. In reality there has already been several attempts up until now at assassination just like this time and abduction."

"Go back home."

Ah, shit. I unintentionally spoke up without thinking.

Real puts her hand on her forehead as if to suppress a headache.

"...You really can be frighteningly honest sometimes."

"No, it's just as he said. The actual problem in today's attack is that one wrong move and I would have feared for the lady's personage. As long as I am truly concerned with her, going back home would be for the best. However..."

Suddenly, his one hand that is holding the cup on the table is filled with strength. Like he is putting in his complex inner thoughts.

“...We want to grant our lady her wishes. This is her final selfishness after all.”

What follows is generally what we expected.

This year, Faima turns eighteen (she's older!?). Marriage talks also happen with her who is born as a nobleman's daughter. She is rather a slow one among the aristocratic society, where it's normal to marry when you're sixteen. Or at the very least engaged. But it looks like she has turned them down until now.

“Our lady, who is endowed with a rare talent as a sorceress, also held great interest in magic from outside the country for some time. However, she is restricted to knowledge from books. In addition to that, acquisition itself is difficult when it comes to magic books from outside the country.”

I was taught only roughly about this, but sometimes magic may take an original system depending on the country. Even if it's magic with a similar effect, the composition of the magic formula that's composed of it creates a difference in each country. The me who can't use magic can only imagine, but the difference is probably like a difference in the pronunciation of an American in Japanese. If their composition varies, then strengths and weaknesses will also exist and variations in scale or chanting speed will appear.

“If the marriage is done, then the lady herself will be all the more bound to the house. For this reason, Lady Faima had requested it to his father--the head of the house. That she wants to study the magic of the other countries before she's engaged. However, as I mentioned before, there are many people aiming for our lady. He couldn't possibly let his daughter go out of the country so readily.”

I don't know where the head is from, but that's an appropriate judgment.

“I see, I can see where this is going”

Real nods as she understood.

“If Miss Faima were to be engaged, then she will be able to carry on with her business as she pleases, am I correct?”

“That is correct. Even if it means becoming a priestess if she doesn't accept.”

...What does that mean?

This is how it is. She approached the head with the following proposition: as compensation for going outside the country to study magic, she will agree to the engagement that she has come to support. She even said she would enter the church and become a sister if she could not accept it. It would give her parents a bigger peace of mind if she makes a firm promise in the subject of marriage after it's over rather than proposing a drawn out postponement on the engagement."

"...The lady has quite the ability to take action, doesn't she?"

Is what only I can't say.

"In fact, she's not only talking big there, but she will properly realize that though. Our lady did not merely have a sheltered upbringing, you see."

Real and I are halfway astonished.

"Under such circumstances, we just wish to safely end this journey at the very least. When this journey ends, what awaits Faima is a constrained married life. In that case, I would like her to enjoy the freedom even if only for a little time. For that sake we have volunteered in accompanying her in this journey."

"And there is merit in risking your life for this?"

"That is what we're thinking at least."

She really is loved, that lady Faima. Is honestly the impression I have.

----But, is this such a sad world that this can't become a simple moving tale?

There are circumstances around Faima no matter where they go and we're outsiders no matter where we go. No matter how much of a tearjerker this story is, there's no obligation for us to get involved in this.

There are no obligations but----

"To be frank with you, I feel that as a fellow woman I would like to grant her wishes. If the situation had changed I wouldn't be so reluctant to lend you my strength though."

While saying so, Real looked my way. She must mean that she would have accepted it had I not gone on a journey together with her.

.....

I spent around five minutes briefly putting together my thoughts and then I made up my mind.

Let's just go with shouting "You coward" to Rand within my mind.

"I think that you would have accepted being Miss Faima's escort in the end."

Afterwards, when Rand had gone back, Real and I ordered a second cup. Naturally, my answer towards him was "Y E S". We promised to bind a contract with them under the premise that we will have them supplement several conditions. Originally the swinging of the scales was biased. And the conversation with Rand delivered the finishing blow to it.

"In the end you say"

"You're a man burning with righteousness more than you think. Else you would have never considered taking me out from the castle in that situation and you would have not even tried going to the girl's rescue in the village at the foot of the mountains. Despite having harsh complains coming out of your mouth, you can't help lending a helping hand to those who need it."

"...Talking like you understand me."

I face away from Real and gulp down the alcohol. The alcohol that's stronger than the one I had before burns my throat and heats up my stomach. While becoming ill humored, I admit in my mind that what Real said was on point.

To tell you the truth, if the story about Faima didn't roll in then I wouldn't have thought that the strange magic power would have any relationship with her. I still maintain that that has nothing to do with me. If I didn't meet Faima and was confronted with that magic power, then I would for sure choose to avoid it with all my strength.

Even so, why I accepted it is--probably because I got my hands on this handy power called [Spirit art]. Even if I myself am an incompetent person, that power can be used

to save someone.

If you have something you can do, a desire you want and the will to achieve it, then there should be no need to hesitate.

--Except only for an instant.

I have this premonition saying "Won't that strange magic power and I have various connections with each other wherever I go in the distant future?" I immediately denied that though.

...Ultimately, that was only a wish of mine.

Chapter 19

Nobody has said I'm not allowed to do something like throwing it

“...Horse carriages really do shake around surprisingly.”

“Is that so? Even so, this carriage is quite the first class one you know. If it was like the one ordinary citizens use, then it would shake even more than this.”

The comfort of the horse carriage I’m riding on for the very first time in my life is worse than I imagined. Real is sitting next to me and is acting calmly in contrast to me who is leaking out complaints.

When I think about it a little, there is a clear difference between the vehicles from the real world and the horse carriages from the fantasy world. Before talking about something like the driving force being horsepower, the wheels of the vehicles over there are basically made of rubber, but the wheels here are made of wood. I haven’t seen any products made of rubber since coming to this world. Even the axle part doesn’t seem to have anything like a shock absorbing suspension and the like and also the road isn’t paved in concrete and it’s just soil that’s lightly leveled. So of course it would shake. Being able to sleep anywhere as long as I can keep my head in a fixed position is one of my few redeeming features, so that’s why the shaking is not that much of a problem.

“But even if you say how little it is, ain’t this tough for the lady if it shakes like this the whole time?”

“Although it is temporary, I am prepared for the various inconveniences of journeys the moment I left my house. Besides, this is practice. It was certainly difficult in the beginning, but now I am not particularly concerned about it.”

Real and my new employer, Faima doesn’t even show any dissatisfaction and is instead smiling sweetly. There I feel the sturdiness a secluded lady wouldn’t have.

--The next morning after Rand’s visit, we visited the inn we were told beforehand

where Faima is staying. The reason is, of course, to form an official contract with each other. When we paid a visit to the room, Faima's eyes were blinking weakly the first thing in the morning, but as soon as we mentioned we're accepting the aforementioned discussion, she woke up right away and took my hand too excitedly. I was surprised due to the insufficient opportunity of touching women and her unexpected joy.

It's just that this time, we had them only add one condition to the contract.

If we're employed as an escort, then I myself would have no intentions to hesitate playing my hands. However my spirit art is a fitting observation target for Faima. I didn't tell her it's [something that can be done immediately] and it doesn't mean that even I have grasped this power completely. More like, I don't know the methods of explaining it to her. That being the case, we took out the condition that they would refrain from meddling with this spirit art --I'm forcing Faima to accept this as magic though--. Being offered that condition, Faima received just a little shock though.

"The spell Mr. Kamishiro is handling is certainly fascinating, but I won't be able to escape an urgent problem without making some sacrifice, so I suppose I have no other choice."

Is what she said and immediately accepted. She must have predicted we would've presented some sort of condition.

Currently, around three hours has passed since departing from the town. It's still early to call it noon. We just departed, but no trouble has happened so far.

"Hey Real, how long until we reach the the next town?"

"If we don't run into any particular problems, then it should take four days or something along that line. Fortunately, from here flatlands with a good view will continue on for a little while. We may possibly encounter magic beasts, but we should not have too much to worry about bandit raids."

So there are no outlaws who would go out of their ways to approach us directly in the flatlands, where there are no covers to hide behind. As for magic beasts, they basically don't hold any intelligence, so they would disregard that sort of thing. It's just that

magic beasts who have the intelligence of a common folk seems to exist, but they mostly possess absurd abilities and if ten of them gather, then a whole country can be led to ruin. I only wish in earnest that I won't meet them by chance in my whole life.

"By the way my Lady, although it's going to be a short while, we'll be travelling together. So just in case, please tell me the magic you're good at."

"...You bastard, are you planning on letting the Lady fight?"

I spoke of a question that's reasonable to me, but one of the servants raised a voice of criticism. Rand is the coachman of the carriage and another is walking behind the carriage as a patrol. The last servant is inside the carriage hood.

Every single one of the servants are without exception handsome guys and he's also without a doubt handsome. Compared to Rand who appears rugged, he looks young, probably somewhere in his twenties. Though not as much as Yuuzuki, he looks cool enough to be basked in high pitched cheers from women.

That kind of Mr. Handsome is glaring at me.

"That depends. In a cornered situation, we may need all the strength from the people here, don't you think?"

"But aren't us guards and you bastards we employed here in order to prevent that?"

"Listen here, I am only speaking about the worst case scenario. Of course, not letting the Lady be exposed to danger is the best. I have no objections to that. It's just that, I think that always moving under the assumption of the worst-case scenario is the job of a guard, that's all."

Stiffly putting together rules would conversely make it difficult to move. What's necessary is several hands you can play in a sudden change of situation. The more hands you can play, the more you can increase the available options and I have experience turning the tables on the whole battle situation with just a single hand.

"I'll take that novice know-it-all like mouth of yours and..."

I intended to give an accurate explanation on the theory, but Mr. Handsome doesn't seem to be pleased with that. I wonder what's wrong. The other party is a pretty boy (go explode), so was it wrong for me to recite that from my mind? Or was it wrong for

me to stare at the Lady's bouncing breasts whenever it shakes violently once in awhile? Was it wrong for me to imagine which one is bigger; hers or the pair of hills inside Real's breastplate?

...Huh? Is this something you would normally get angry about?

"Stop that Agaht. Mr. Kamishiro's words are correct."

"...If you say so, milady."

Mr. Handsome draws back with only a single sentence from the mistress. "Serves you right" is what I couldn't think even a shred of. If a newbie acts arrogant, then they'll be the guy who won't feel good if people don't do very well.

"My most proficient attribute is wind and I am focused on offense and support spells. Next to that I can handle elementary level magic on the other three attributes. I am inexperienced, so I have not achieved acquisition of any superior attribute."

In magic there are the fundamental four attributes. Including the superior four attributes, you can roughly divide them into three categories. Offensive spells that puts emphasis in power. Resistance spells that keeps defense in mind. Support spells that are specialized in support. They call these spell characteristics. The effects in magic is generally determined on the spell attribute and characteristic. Usually, every person has aptitude in a single basic attribute as well as one of the spell characteristics and you will focus on those and also learn other magic.

There is an exception on everything. Real is a good example for that. To make up for the lack of a specially strong attribute, she excels in resistance spells of all attributes and specific support spells. She can't use any offensive spells but only a portion of the elementary level ones, but she has the super vanguard role, so in that case she has just the right aptitude.

"Adding to that, Rand can also control fire attributed offensive spells and support spells. Agaht and the last one can control neither offensive nor support spells, but they should provide a decent challenge to Rand if it's only through swordsmanship, isn't that right?"

"This became quite a well balanced party doesn't it?"

I'm also a vanguard if anything, but I'm closer to a guerilla because of me also being able to handle long range attacks with my ice spirit art. With Real and the other two as the vanguards, Rand and I would be at the center. And just in case, Faima will give support in the back. To be more lavish, you'd want the healing part there, but with the learning of recovery magic that's included within the support spells being difficult, those people generally run as a doctor and very few would take on jobs like an adventure.

"So it isn't as simple as learning it just by spreading your skill points with one click."

Faima and Real looks puzzled to the mysterious expressing for this world, but I smiled and gloss it over.

"You bastard, are you by chance trying to say that you and Mr. Rand are equals!?"

"No really, I was just calmly trying to understand our war potential, you know?"

Mr. Handsome--Agaht snaps at me again.

"Mr. Rand is the most influential person among us. You bastard may seem to be able to handle yourself more or less, but you are no match to Mr. Rand. Know your place!"

"Look, I know that more than anybody else. I was able to win some leeway up to that back alley fight. I've been associated to my own incompetence for almost seventeen years after all"

I'm used to being ridiculed and spoken ill of by people. My mind won't shake with this degree of hostility with no malice.

However, with this situation, he doesn't think well of me going with Faima as her escort. Last night, Rand was talking like the hearts of all attendants were one, but it feels like they reluctantly agreed because it's the words of the head servant.

"What's with those eyes? Are you making fun of me, you bastard!?"

He really can flare up on whatever I say, this guy. It has the force makes the words of the guy he doesn't like become target of complete denial. Is he a kid? I'm pretty much a brat, but this guy's even worse. No, everyone will become a kid if they become

agitated. I pray he will be an extraordinary excellent escort once he's calmed down.

Some time passed after that and at the time when the twelve hour clock is switches, we take a lunch break. They untied the horse from the carriage, tied him to the tree that grew at just the right place and let him eat the grass around it. We get off the carriage and take our break the way we like while we loosen our muscle that's gotten tight from sitting.

Real and I perform some training in fighting techniques before lunch. It's not a genuine one like the time in the town, but it's something like a light physical training. I would've wanted to use my ice spirit arts if that was possible, but Faima and the others have their eyes here so I refrain from doing so. We forbade them to speak, but if ice is produced right in front of their eyes, then Faima's curiosity would probably run wildly again.

Real is doing practice swinging and checking her posture and I'm doing some flexible exercises and am warming up my body. When I loosened my body after several minutes, I was about to start my exercises.

"Hey, bastard."

Mr. Agaht calls out to me as I'm checking the fasteners of my arm guards.

As usual--It was that kind of confrontation, so time didn't pass, but--he has a stern expression like he has something he can't stand.

He has a wooden stick--sword held in each hands and he threw the one in his left hand at me. I received it out of reflex, but I'm just perplexed at this. Mr. Agaht speaks, unconcerned about my state of mind.

"Stand ready. I shall be your opponent."

----Is this, what you call hazing the noob?

Although the troubled me is looking at Faima and Rand with the request for help, Real's words cuts in before they could open their mouths.

"Hum, I don't think it's bad to have a bout with someone besides me once in a while,

don't you agree?"

She stabbed the sword she had been swinging on the ground. She supports the training with me and Agaht.

"This is a strange way of saying it, but my fighting style is that of a minority. It's closer to the wrong way that's off from the proper way of fighting. In addition to that, using a weapon you're not familiar with on a routine basis is also training. You should also consider the possibility of having to use any weapons available at hand."

"...You mean, like using this wooden sword?"

"Also take off the arm and leg guards, Kanna. Naturally [that]is also forbidden. There is no problem if you use it to protect yourself in emergency, but I will be judging it as your defeat in that case."

If I'm told this much by the usual coaching role, then I can't complain. Her words makes sense and I can also understand that well enough.

When I take off the belt where the arm and leg guard are fixed on and have become light footed, I once again grab the wooden sword and tried some practice swinging as a test. I had moments I used a wooden sword and iron pipes for that, will cheats work?

I have advanced the conversation as I pleased, but this isn't a problem for Sir Rand and Miss Faima is it. Like I said, I would like Kanna to pile up experience even if a little for me, you see."

"It's no problem" says Rand and nods to Real's question.

"Everything is moving the way I would like. Agaht is not negligent in the constant training with us, but training with someone besides us will become good experience, I hope. Besides, I am also interested in his way of fighting. Gauging the abilities of the companion you will be fighting shoulder-to-shoulder is also necessary, don't you agree?"

I can hear uneasiness in the voice full of anticipation. I'm confident that what I'm about to show them from now will be quite an uncool fighting style.

"Real. My bad, but I'm a genuine novice with the sword, so I'll be going with what I've taught myself, okay?"

“It’s not officially the time to do training either, this is purely an emergency countermeasure.”

“Mr. Agaht, you don’t mind it either right?”

“Do what you like.”

Together with a short reply, he points his sword to my eyes. It’s an expert posture, but it lets me feel a weight he didn’t add to himself with only a dray of training. As I think about going with a similar posture, my thoughts stops. The difference in years is clear. Even if we had the same start, it was clear this won’t become a contest. How will I attack.

I once again observe Agaht’s posture. No, no matter how long a fencing novice looks at the posture, I can at most understand information that can be read.

“Quickly adopt a posture, you bastard. Or perhaps, have you lost your nerve?”

Even if he spews out words of provocation, his expression is sharp.

(He’s rather tense isn’t he)

The air is so tense like it’s on the verge of cutting strings. Not a single gap can be felt, but at the same time he has no leeway in his mind.

...I hit upon an idea.

Of course, it’s an idea I’ve used during the time I was in the real world. It’s an effective measure even against people who have studied the correct path of swordsmanship.

“Alright then.”

As I’m holding the sword in one hand, I twist my arm and turn it round and round. I continue turning my sword with Mr. Agaht making a dubious expression.

“Real. Please start counting from three.”

“· · · · Are you not adopting a posture?”

“It’s fine.”

Real follows the point of the sword in my hand with her eyes and before she shrugs her shoulders and began the countdown. I'm sorry. What I'm going to do now is a strategy that is difficult to pull off if I can't predict the beginning to a certain extent.

"Three"

Let me be frank with you. No matter how I use my self-taught swordsmanship, I don't have a shred of chance to win against him. I'm convinced I can't even win against those thugs who attacked Faima.

"Two"

I'm no match for him with sword skill. So in that case, how should I fight my opponent?

The answer is simple. I can just get rid of the [bout between fellow swordsmen]. You don't have to be able to stand on the field your opponent is specialized in.

"One"

The last second.

Mr. Agaht puts his strength into the sword in his hand. It's a step you take to attack at the same time as the start.

As for me, I step far forward with my left foot, lowering my posture. I draw my body's springs and store my strength. And at the end I shift the sword in my right hand in an underhanded grip and pull my arms.

"Zero!"

Together with the start signal, Agaht steps forward in a grand way. It's a quick step. If you took a stance the usual way, a point would probably be taken from you without you being able to respond to his movement.

That's why I didn't take a stance like usual. I had no intention of swinging the sword in the first place. My left foot is going far in front of me. My hand is holding the weapon in an underhanded grip.

--That's right, this is a form of [Javelin throw].

“Fury!”

Pointing towards Agaht who is quickly rushing and approaching me, I put all my strength into [throwing] the wooden sword. The wooden sword that gained quite a lot of speed, runs through the sky towards Agaht’s face.

I bet he didn’t expect I would ever throw it. Agaht gets very surprised and his rush weakened. And then, the approaching wooden sword flicked off the wooden sword he is carrying in his hand. Although he’s surprised, intercepting a wooden sword with that kind of speed in midair is as you can expect.

But, the response to the follow-up after the wooden sword being flicked away was late. It’s none other than the presence of me. He hardened his body from becoming even more surprised by me who broke into a run immediately following the throwing of the sword.

“Dossei!”

There I do a full speed, all out ram attack. The trick is to aim your thrust diagonally upwards from the shoulder. If my impact can win from the opponent’s weight, then the opponent’s body would float somewhat and that would destroy his posture.

Just as I have aimed, he stumbled a step or two from being unable to bear the impact. There I do a low altitude tackle. With the trick to mow the opponent’s legs, I hold both his feet. If I can take his feet while his balance is destroyed, then soon he can do nothing but fall down.

As my opponent falls down the ground, I immediately release both his feet and quickly move my body to take on the form of straddling on his body as he is. Now that it comes to this, I can do whatever I please.

Before he could raise his voice and say “Ah”, I stuck my first out in front of Mr. Agaht’s face as I got into a mount position.

“Game, set, match, I suppose.”

...Now that I think carefully, this isn’t training, is it?

Chapter 20

Why does “Odjisan” feel more playful than “Ojisan”?

Also a new skill development while I’m at it

It's a fact that I snatched away victory from Agaht, but Real scolded me immediately afterwards. Saying there's completely no meaning in using the wooden sword with that. I also noticed it in the end.

Thereafter I was told any attacks that uses anything beside the wooden sword, in other words blows that uses hands or feet are forbidden and I made another effort in training with Mr. Agaht.

The result? It was a complete defeat after five minutes of fighting him. At the beginning of the fight I was at my wits end from his offence so severe like he was avenging himself and points kept being taken from me. After great pains or something I didn't bear any injuries I went down with, but my head and flanks were hit hard among other places, so it's extraordinary painful. He was absolutely aiming at the places that wasn't covered by armor, didn't he. Given that I also didn't understand his feelings, I won't complain. I reap what I sow is what I told myself.

To be blunt, that was a fighting style that can be said to be a bad plan within a bad plan against opponents above a certain level. Surprises like surprise attacks hardly work on them. In the first place, there was no concept of surprise attacks. The throwing of the wooden sword should have been recognized as an [attack] and each of my follow ups afterwards should have been intercepted. These sort of tricky techniques won't work against the kinds of people who are good at breaking through them.

“Would you mind me sitting next to you?

After the break ended, we boarded the horse carriage as we chewed on dried jerky and washing it down with water and we departed once again. This time Mr. Agaht is the coachman. I've been reflecting on the training I've had just then in the corner of the carriage. Rand excuses himself and sits down near me.

“I’m really sorry there, for not being able to stop that boy Agaht.”

“No, he’ll look like he would explode if he doesn’t let out a little steam here or something. And it’s just like Real said; training with someone beside her is also experience.”

“Quite the philosophic way of thinking you have there, despite your appearance.”

“The appearance part was uncalled for. I’m not really a guy who knows how to swim the tide and I’m used to be at the end of someone’s grudges. After all I’m strong since I’ve been beaten black and blue.”

The weak being trampled is the truth.

“That isn’t something you should be humble about, don’t you agree? I’ve only glanced at the first battle, but you raised a mark of victory on him. That boy abilities are at the top among the young people serving Lady Faima’s esteemed household. He’s no opponent you can win with a fluke.”

“The top, huh...”

I gaze at the back of Agaht on the coachman’s seat holding the reins of the horses. He has calmed down somewhat compared to before, but even so the atmosphere is still stiff.

“What kind of person does Mr. Agaht look like from your perspective?”

“Let’s see here. It’s an honest expression, but he’s a good young man. In spite of possessing talent, he repeats training without being haughty about it. He may also be a mine of excessive honesty, but that on itself is also a virtue. I would like for him to be a little more flexible.”

“A seriously strait-laced guy, right?”

I haven’t had that type of person around me. That Yuuzuki fellow is usually the no good pretty boy and Misaki is the energetic girl.

Ayana is somewhat of a natural airhead. I have the role of the brake, but I think I was a relatively soft brake. We didn’t have that sort of committee chairman type of person among us.

Rand’s mouth warped to my unreserved words.

"Quite direct aren't we."

"I don't hate him you know. I find him a little difficult to deal with. It's just that I have to keep in mind interpersonal relationships a little you know, that's all I'm thinking of."
"

"I would like you both to be on good terms for me though."

"That's why I said I don't hate him. That part will be a future development from now on, so it'll be fine if we have to compromise together."

As expected, trouble would occur if the whole thing was heard by the person himself, so up until now we've been talking secretly with quite a low voice.

"Back to the topic on the previous training. It may have been a bad experience for him, but it was good experience. His way of talking is bad, but he has still got a long way to go, what with his posture crumbling from that level of surprise attack. He can't respond to his opponent's surprise attack in that condition."

Dropping the low voice we've been doing up until now, Rand returns to his normal volume. He talks with the intention of letting Agaht hear him.

Agaht didn't have enough experience, though I myself don't have enough either to say that to others. He's strong in a fight right from the front, but because of his path of righteousness he had insufficient experience with opponents who would attack their opponent's weaknesses.

"The enemies aren't limited to waiting for the starting signal before attacking nor are they limited to attacking from the front. Rather, they're constantly attacking suddenly and they're clear to aim for our openings. Even in the previous case, you challenged the fight in a strange way and constantly aimed at our blind spots. It's useless to curse at your enemy for cowardice just before death. What's necessary is the preparedness and the experience to allow you to deal with your enemy's actions at any time."

What he said has the same meaning as what I was talking about this morning. They were words that is indirectly acknowledging what I had said. Whoa wait just a minute, can you really let him hear that? Look, Mr. Agaht's shoulders are quivering a little. He's pointing his brunt of "I want him to stop" to me.

When I glare at Rand with a look of criticism, he once again talks with a low voice.

"I'm sorry to you, but please endure it and consider this as an addition to the contents of our contract. I have expectations in that man's talent. If he were to possess a certain level of flexibility on top of that, is what I've always been thinking. If there is someone like you nearby who uses the [wrong path], even he may be able to grasp something."

"You're not praising me are you"

"Well, I never! I am certainly praising you more than enough in my eyes."

The Nice Guy is showing a Smile meaningfully.

...this mister*. He's quite the ruffian despite his appearance.

Well, I guess he won't be fit as a "Commander" if he can't do that much.

"...This time's on the house."

And I could only tell him the remunerations in relation to the addition to our contract.

Since then, our travel have advanced well for several days. Magic beasts attacked us several times on the way, but we were able to deal with them without any problems. Actually, Real and Agaht as well as the other servant immediately exterminated them, so there's pretty much no turn for me.

Speaking of my normal job, I've been training with Mr. Agaht before lunch breaks. The score is generally Mr. Agaht taking the lead. It's just that as a special rule that we repeat about every five fights, we only use swords for four out of five fights and only in the remaining fight I'm able to do anything I like without limits. Only in that one fight I am somehow able to snatch away a win from Agaht. I feel just a little satisfied with that. But really, he's weak against surprise attacks you know. When I'm being sneaky and his pace breaks once, I could completely drag him around. On the other hand, as long as his pace doesn't crumble down, he wouldn't even slightly waver by my improvised swordsmanship. The strongest people among the [Swordsmen] I'm acquainted with have the strength to be good.

It's loss upon loss for me if you only look at the results, but I think this is an unusually meaningful time to me. A fight with an orthodox swordsman besides an ultra power fighter like Real is an experience necessary in order to live in the time to come.

It's just that, well, I also can't afford to temper only my swordsmanship. To use anything I can use is my principle.

“I wonder if it’s fine around here.”

Evening of the fourth day since leaving the previous town. Just like Real had said, we had arrived at the next inn town. It’s a lot smaller than the town I met Faima at, but as a resting point for travels, it seems to be flourishing in its own way.

Right now I’m loitering at the plains a little separated from the town. Time has passed since the sun has set and there’s no light, but that is no problem. The starlight in the sky you can’t see in real world Japan and the presence I feel on my skin tells me the situation around me.

The visit to such a deserted place is solely for the sake of training my spirit art. With the eyes of Faima et al. for several days I’ve been refraining from using it, but I’ve been going with just image training too in the meantime. It’s a short stay, but I want to study whether the practical form of the image is effective or not right now, when I can settle down in the inn town.

Real who had always accompanied me in my spirit art training isn’t here. Given that this time I’m only giving shape to my image, quite a useless production could appear. I plan to attempt doing this together with Real on another day and finalize the design after I’ve completed a more precise shape.

“Now, let’s start shall we.”

I concentrate my consciousness in my right palm. Like the image I’ve drawn in my mind, the moulded object is born along with a “pakiri” sound. Its shape is a thin and flat elliptical shape. Both ends are made sharp, becoming an sharp edged tool.

Next, I have made a cross of about two meters at a distance from the current location and another one of about one meter beside it. Of course, the raw material is ice. This time, these will be the substitute for a target.

In order to ascertain its condition, I hold the grip of the elliptical shape I created with ice between my index and middle finger and throw it with a back hand swing. My aim is, of course, the ice cross I’ve made at a distant place.

A “Gin” sound of unrelenting collision between the two fellow ice objects reverberated and the elliptical shaped ice I threw had penetrated halfway into the center of the

intersection of the cross.

Continuing this, I furthermore create about three of the ice elliptical shape I created before, hold each of them them in between my right fingers and throw them. This time they also pierced in the intersection of the cross just as I aimed for.

What I'm going for right now, is the development of a long range attack. Up until now I've been creating lumps of ice and have thrown them, kicked them or launched them towards opponents far away, but I've been thinking; isn't there a more efficient way to attack them?

In RPGs there is often a skill or something where you create a lump of ice in the sky and project it towards the enemy just like that. That is also something that can be done, but I either lack training or I can't put in enough strength. More importantly, I can actually put in more strength if I acquire the support of the spirits after throwing it after all.

This elliptical shaped ice is, so to speak, the shape I've come up with in order to handle that much more efficiently. Reference is the ninja's frequently used shuriken. Everyone's thinking that shuriken = cross shape, but that is, to be blunt, a generic name of small arms mainly for throwing. What I've made right now is a type called stick shuriken.* I've heard in one explanation these are mainstream for ninjas. Well, it's also troublesome to make those cross shapes each and every time you know.

For now, a shuriken can be made with this ice. How about I call this Ice Shuriken from now on then. Quite simple, huh. It's easier to imagine it if I add a name to it and I'm the only one who can use this so I won't accept any complains.

I can create the ice shuriken afterwards and throw them single-mindedly. I'm going to refine the image in order to throw it with the shortest execution and bringing out the maximum power. Up until now it's a three stage course of image->creation->grab created object and throw it. I'll shorten it to a two stage course of image->throw while creating them. I would swing my arm and throw it as I create it during the swing; I'll instill that behaviour into my body. What's ideal is where I'd let it go from my fingers the moment it's created, that kind of condition. This way I can throw ice shurikens with just by swinging my arms.

It roughly took [five hours] and the attack method as I imagined was completed.

“Terya!”

The target substitute crosses I’ve made were six. And the amount of ice shurikens I threw by swinging both my arms were also six. The ice shurikens sharply ran through the air and have splendidly pierced into the center of the six crosses. Following that I continuously swing my arms, rapid-firing ice shurikens. “Gagagaga” sound resounds as they pierce the crosses one by one.

The moment when the six targets couldn’t endure it and completely broke, a part of the ice shuriken development was completed. I plan to experiment whenever I come up with something.

“Fuuh” after I take in one breath, the air I then exhale is dyed white.

The ice shurikens are small one by one, but if you pile up trash it will also become a mountain, a fair number of ice shards are scattered about. Incidentally, even if the ice born from spirit arts are released from the influence of the spirits, it keeps its shape without melting for a far longer time than regular ice. They appear to be absorbing the heat in the neighbourhood, so the air has become quite chilly. The ambient temperature didn’t go as far as Hokkaido (*T.N. average 2 degrees Celsius*), but it has gone to the ambient temperature of Tokyo in the winter. (*T.N. around 5 degrees Celsius*)

I once again house in the spirits from the ice wreckage in the surroundings and wear them on my finger. Together with a gentle sound, all of the surrounding ice vanished without a trace. I feel like snapping my fingers. Would I ruin it if I say “Ain’t that cool?”?



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